

THE
TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES

BEING THE

EUTHYPHRON, APOLOGY, CRITO,
AND PHÆDO OF PLATO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

F. J. CHURCH

Ὁ δ' ἀνεξέταστος βίος οὐ βιωτὸς ἀνθρώπῳ

'An unexamined life is not worth living.'

(PLATO, *Apol.* 38 A.)

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1880

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OXFORD.

BY E. PICKARD HALL, M.A., AND J. H. STACY,

Printers to the University.

PREFACE.

THE object of this translation is to gather into one volume for the English reader the four dialogues in which Plato describes the life and trial and death of Socrates. The books of which I have made most use are Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece,' ch. lxviii. of which contains a very vivid account of Socrates; Dr. Zeller's 'Socrates and the Socratic Schools,' translated by the Rev. O. J. Reichel; and the edition of the Apology by the late Rev. J. Riddell, published after his death by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. This last has been of the greatest possible value to me, both from its accurate scholarship, and its wonderfully 'real' introductions. There is no book from which I have learnt more about Socrates.

While I was looking over the proof-sheets of my own translation, Professor Jowett's was before me: but my translation was made quite independently of his, and his manner of translation is very different from mine. Coincidences of expression are therefore for the most part accidental. The same remarks apply to the late Mr. E. M. Cope's 'Phædo.'

I have to thank several friends for hints and suggestions, especially Mr. C. Comyns Tucker, Fellow of University College, Oxford, who kindly looked over the proof-sheets of the *Euthyphron* and *Apology* for me.

It is hardly necessary to point out the exceeding interest and value to us of these dialogues. It is not only that they contain a very wonderful picture of a very wonderful man. It might sometimes almost be thought that Socrates was speaking, not to the Athenians, but to us. That a man's 'first and chiefest care should be for wisdom and truth and the perfection of his soul,' and that 'an unexamined life is not worth living,' are as much truths, and as important truths now, as they were in the fourth century B.C. .

F. J. C

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

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INTRODUCTION.

ALMOST all the known facts in the life of Socrates are referred to in these dialogues. A good many stories, it is true, are told about him by late writers: but they are mostly either false on the face of them, or based on quite insufficient evidence. We are therefore thrown back almost entirely on to Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and Plato. We learn from the latter that Socrates was born very shortly before the year 469 B.C.¹ His father, Sophroniscus, was a sculptor; his mother, Phænarete, a midwife. He received the usual Athenian education in music and gymnastic²: but we are quite ignorant who his teachers were. No man in ancient Greek history stands out before us with so strongly-marked an individuality as Socrates in the closing scenes of his life, but hardly anything is known of the early training which helped to create his character. There is no record of him between the year of his birth and the year 432 B.C., when he served at the siege of Potidæa. All that we can say of the influences under which he grew up is, that he lived in the most splendid period of Athenian or Greek history. It was the time of that wonderful outburst of genius in art and literature, and intellectual and political activity, which was so sudden, and yet which has never been surpassed. He was the contemporary of most of the famous names of Athens. Æschylus' great trilogy was

¹ Apol. 17 D, Crito 52 E.

² Crito 50 D, and for a description of education in music and gymnastic, cp. Protagoras 325.

brought out in 458 B.C., and the poet died two years later, when Socrates was about fourteen years old. Sophocles and Euripides both died about six years before him; Aristophanes outlived him. Pheidias died 432 B.C.; Pericles three years later. Thucydides was born about the same time as Socrates (471 B.C.), and predeceased him by two years (401 B.C.)¹. Pericles had changed Athens from being the head of the confederacy of Delos into an imperial, or, as her enemies called her, a tyrant city. She was the ruler of many subject allies, part of whose tribute was expended on the sculpture and architecture of Pheidias and his pupils. Every Athenian citizen was not only allowed, but forced, to take his part in her administration, by attendance in the Assembly, and by serving on the juries which Pericles had established. To live in such a city at such a time was no mean training for a man. Socrates himself alludes in the *Apology* to the reputation of Athens for 'wisdom and power of mind'². The art and poetry and thought of the great men mentioned above and of others were fine instruments of culture. With some of them Socrates may have been personally acquainted, and talked with them. We know that he was a friend of Euripides. And in the keen discussions of the Assembly and Law Courts he may have acquired or cultivated his taste for dialectic. Anyhow he grew up amid the influences of Athens in her best period, before the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, though we, who know him only in Plato and Xenophon as an old man towards the end of his career, are perhaps a little apt to forget the fact.

It is probable, though not quite certain, that Socrates' early inquiries were in Physical Science, and that they are

¹ Krüger: but the date seems doubtful.

² *Apol.* 29 D.

to be assigned to this period of his life, before 432 B.C. He says in the Phædo¹ that in his youth he had a passion for the study of Nature. He seems to have had some acquaintance with certain cosmical doctrines, especially with those of Anaxagoras; and Xenophon tells us that he knew something of astronomy and advanced geometry². This evidence, then, goes to confirm the statement in the Phædo that he had studied Physics in his youth. Later in his life he renounced such speculations entirely as vain and confusing. He knows nothing, he says in the Apology, of this 'superhuman wisdom,' either more or less. His wisdom is purely human³. He was the first man who considered Ethics as a possible science. His predecessors in philosophy had tried to solve the problem of the universe, regarded as an undistinguishable whole, and had asked such questions as Why does each thing exist? How is it generated? Why does it decay⁴? But they had failed to satisfy men, and were falling into discredit. The Sophists followed; they rejected Physical studies in favour of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political questions; they taught that there was no such thing as Truth, and that Right or Wrong were only conventional. Socrates never ceased opposing this scepticism; and he created the science of morals. So great was his reaction from his early physical studies, that he limited his inquiries strictly to human things (*τὰ ἀνθρώπεια*); he only admitted Natural Science in so far as it was useful to men in the way that

¹ Phædo 96 A. νέος ὢν θαυμάσας ὥς ἐπεθύμησα ταύτης τῆς σοφίας, ἣν δὴ καλοῦσι περὶ φύσεως ἱστορίαν.

² Mem. iv. 7. 3, 5.

³ Apol. 19 C, 20 E. He must have forsaken Physics before 423 B.C., the date of the Clouds of Aristophanes; see Apol. 19 C.

⁴ See Phædo 96 A, seq.

Astronomy is useful to a sailor¹. Natural Philosophers, he says, are like madmen: their conclusions are all contradictory, and their science unproductive, impossible, and impious, for the gods are not pleased with those who seek to discover what they do not wish to reveal². He would have nothing to do with Natural Science as such.

To return to the life of Socrates. We hear of him next as distinguishing himself as a soldier on three occasions³. Between 432 B.C. and 429 B.C. he served before Potidæa, a revolted Athenian dependency, and surpassed every one in his powers of enduring hunger, and cold, and the hardships of a Thracian winter. At this siege we hear of him for the first time in connection with Alcibiades, whose life he saved in battle, and to whom he eagerly relinquished the prize of valour. In 431 B.C. the Peloponnesian War broke out; and in 424 B.C., at the battle of Delium, the Athenians were disastrously defeated and put to flight by the Thebans. Socrates and Laches were among the few who did not fly. They retreated together; and the resolute bearing of Socrates was conspicuous. Had all the Athenians been like him, says Laches, in the dialogue of that name⁴, the defeat would have been a victory⁵. The third battle in which Socrates distinguished himself was Amphipolis, in 422 B.C., in which the commanders on both sides, Cleon and Brasidas, were killed; but we seem to have no record of his services.

About the time that Socrates was displaying con-

¹ Mem. iv. 7. 4.

² Ib. i. 1. 13, 15; iv. 7. 6.

³ Apol. 28 E.

⁴ Laches, 181 B.

⁵ This account of Socrates at Potidæa and Delium is taken from a very interesting passage in the Symposium 219, which I will quote at length later in the Introduction (p. xix).

spicuous courage at Delium, Aristophanes, as Mr. Grote remarks, 'was exposing him to derision in the comedy of the *Clouds*, as a dreamer alike morally worthless and physically incapable.' The *Clouds* first appeared in 423 B.C., the year between the battles of Delium and Amphipolis. The account of it given in the *Apology* is substantially accurate¹. There is in it, first, an absurd caricature of a natural philosopher, and then a caricature, nearer the truth, of a sophist. Roll the two together, and we have Aristophanes' picture of Socrates. Socrates is made to talk a great deal of absurd nonsense about 'Physics': he announces that Zeus has been dethroned, and Rotation reigns in his stead,—people always think 'that natural philosophers do not acknowledge the gods'²: he has Belial's power to 'make the worse appear the better reason'³, and with it he helps a debtor to swindle his creditors: under his tuition the son learns to beat the father: in the last lines of the play the chorus say that his greatest crime has been impiety against the gods. The Natural Philosopher was unpopular at Athens on religious grounds: he was associated with atheism. The Sophist was unpopular on moral grounds: he was supposed to corrupt the youth, to be able to make falsehood seem true, to be, in the words of the *Euthyphron*, a very clever person, who made other men clever too⁴. The Sophist, in a sense, was the successor of the Natural Philosopher; and the two were absolutely distinct persons. The one excluded the other. The Natural Philosopher was not a Sophist, and the Sophist was not a Natural Philosopher.

¹ *Apol.* 18 B, C; 19 C.

² *Ib.* 18 C.

³ Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 113.

⁴ *Euth.* 3 D.

Aristophanes in the *Clouds* mixes them together, and calls the result Socrates.

The battle of Amphipolis was fought in 422 B.C. The next incidents in Socrates' life are those narrated by himself in the twentieth chapter of the Apology. They illustrate, as he meant them to illustrate, his invincible moral courage; they show, as he intended that they should, that there was no power on earth, whether it were an angry mob or a murderous oligarchy, which could make him bend to do what he thought wrong. In 406 B.C. the Athenian fleet defeated the Lacedæmonians at the battle of Arginusæ, so named from some small islands to the south-east of Lesbos. After the battle the Athenian commanders neglected to recover the bodies of the dead, and to save the living from their own disabled triremes. They said that they had ordered certain inferior officers to perform the duty, and that a storm had come on which had rendered the performance impossible. So the living were left to perish, and the bodies of the dead were never recovered. The Athenians, on receiving this news, were excessively angered. The due performance of funeral rites was a sacred duty with the Greeks¹; and many were indignant that their friends and relatives had been left to drown. There was a debate in the Assembly on the whole question, in which the commanders spoke, and it was resolved that the Senate should decide in what mode they should be tried. The Senate resolved by a majority that the Athenian people, having heard the accusation and the defence, should proceed to vote for the condemnation or acquittal of the eight commanders collectively—an illegal pro-

¹ Cp. the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and Priam's eagerness to regain the body of Hector, *Homer Il.* xxiv.

posals, because there was a law at Athens that on all trials a separate verdict should be found for each party accused.

Socrates at that time was a member of the Senate, the only public office that he ever held. The Senate consisted of fifty men elected by lot from each of the ten tribes. Each tribe held the Prytany or presidency for thirty-five days at a time; and ten out of the fifty were presidents every seven days in succession. One of the ten held the supreme post each day, and for one day only. He was called Epistates: he laid all business before the Assembly; in short, he presided.

These details are necessary for the proper understanding of the passage in the Apology¹. On the day on which it was proposed to take a collective verdict on the eight commanders, Socrates happened to be Epistates. The proposal was illegal, as I have explained, though the fury of the people made it a very popular one. Some of the presidents refused to put such a question to the Assembly: but they were silenced by threats and subsided. Socrates alone refused to submit or to put a question which he knew to be illegal. Threats of suspension and arrest, the clamour of a furious populace, the fear of death or imprisonment, could not move him: 'I thought it my duty to face the danger out in the cause of law and justice, and not to be an accomplice in your unjust proposals².' But his authority lasted only for a day: a more pliant Epistates succeeded, and the commanders were condemned 46 and executed.

Two years later Socrates again showed by his conduct that he was ready to endure anything rather than do wrong.

¹ Apol. 32 B.

² Apol. 32 C.

In 404 B.C. Athens was captured by the Lacedæmonians, and the long walls thrown down¹. The great Athenian democracy was destroyed, and an oligarchy of Thirty set up in its place by Critias and others, with the help of the Spartan general Lysander. The rule of the Thirty lasted for about a year (till the spring of 403 B.C.), and then the democracy was restored. The reign of Critias and his friends was a kind of reign of terror. Political opponents were murdered of course. So were respectable men, and wealthy men whose riches were desirable. All kinds of men were used as assassins, for the tyrants wished to implicate as many persons as possible in their crimes. With that design they sent for Socrates and four others to the Rotunda, a building where the Prytanes took their meals, and ordered them to bring over Leon, a native of Salamis, from that island to Athens, that they might kill him. To disobey the order probably meant death; and so reasoned the other four, who went over to Salamis and brought Leon across. Socrates disregarded the danger and went quietly home. 'I showed not by words, but by my actions, that I did not care a straw about death; but that I did care very much about doing nothing wrong or wicked².' Fortunately he was saved by the destruction of the oligarchy. Xenophon tells us that he incurred the wrath of Critias and the Thirty by very open comments on their murders, and that they forbade him to converse with the youth, and threatened him with death³.

There are two events in Socrates' life to which no date can be assigned. The first of these is his marriage with

¹ See Mr. Browning's fine description at the beginning of Aristophanes' *Apology*.

² *Apol.* 32 D.

³ *Xen. Mem.* i. 2. 32.

Xanthippe. By her he had three sons, Lamprocles, Sophroniscus, and Menexenus. The two latter are called 'children' in the Apology¹, and the former, *μειράκιον ἤδη*, a phrase which implies that he was some fifteen years old. The name Xanthippe has come to mean a shrew; and there is a consensus of opinion among late writers that her temper was very violent, and Socrates' married life not happy. She is certainly represented as an affectionate wife in the Phædo, when she is taking leave of Socrates.

Again, no date can be assigned to the answer of the Delphic oracle spoken of in the fifth chapter of the Apology². There it is said that Chærephon went and asked whether there was any man wiser than Socrates; and the priestess answered that there was no man. Socrates offers to prove the truth of the statement by the evidence of Chærephon's brother, Chærephon himself being dead. In the next chapter he represents the answer of the oracle as the origin of that unceasing examination of all men which gained him so much hatred, and which is described in detail in the Apology. He considered himself bound to sift all men in the service of the God, that the truth of the oracle might be thoroughly tested and proved. The oracle is put forward as the cause of his engaging in his mission. But, as Zeller observes, Socrates must have been already a well-known and marked man before Chærephon could have asked his question, or the oracle have given such an answer. 'It may have done a similar service to Socrates as (*sic*) his doctor's degree did to Luther, assuring him of his inward call, but it had just as little to do with making him a philosophical reformer, as the doctor's degree had with

¹ Apol. 34 D.

² Apol. 21 A.

making Luther a religious reformer¹. Socrates' statement then, that the Delphic oracle was the original cause of his unceasing examination of men, must be put down as semi-rhetorical. On the other hand it is quite clear that he regarded this examination as a duty imposed on him by the God. 'The God has commanded me to examine men,' he says², 'in oracles and in dreams, and in every way in which the divine will was ever declared to man.' The Apology is full of such passages. He was, as Mr. Grote puts it, 'a religious missionary doing the work of philosophy.' With this belief he did not shrink from the unpopularity and hatred which a man, who exposes the ignorance of persons who think themselves wise, is sure to incur: he devoted his life wholly and entirely to his mission, neglecting his private affairs, until he came to be in very great poverty. A mina of silver³ is all that he can propose at the trial, even to save his life.

At what time Socrates began to examine men, to make them 'give an account of their lives,' cannot be determined. We know that he was sufficiently a man of mark in 423 B.C., twenty-four years before his death, for Aristophanes to take him for a butt. But when he once set about this work he devoted himself to it entirely. He contrasted strangely with the sophists. He took no pay, he had no classes, and he taught no system. He only professed to train men to think, acting, as he expressed it, the part of a midwife at the birth of their thoughts. His day was spent in conversation; he talked to any one who would listen. In the Memorabilia, he converses now with a minister of state, and then with a pros-

¹ Zeller, 'Socrates and the Socratic Schools' (translated by Rev. O. J. Reichel) 2nd edition, p. 60, note 3.

² Apol. 33 C.

³ Equivalent to about 4*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

titute. His life and conversation were absolutely public. In the morning he was to be seen in the promenades and the gymnasia. When the Agora was filling, he was there; he was to be found wherever he thought that he should meet most people. Xenophon mentions a number of questions which he used to discuss. 'His conversation was always about human affairs. He used to discuss, what is pious, what is impious, what is honourable, what is base, what is just, what is unjust, what is self-restraint, what is madness, what is courage, what is cowardice, what is a state, what is a statesman, what is government, what makes a man fit to govern, and so on: and he used to think that those who could answer such questions were good men, and that the proper epithet for those who could not, was "slave-like¹." These questions are doubtless very fair examples of the subjects of Socrates' conversation; and they are useful in helping us to understand the passages in the Apology where he himself describes his examination of men². He formed no school: but there grew up round him a circle of admiring friends, united to him by personal affection, with whom he seems to have not unfrequently had common meals. We may perhaps compare them with the literary circle which surrounded Dr. Johnson.

But we need not go to passages up and down Xenophon for a description of Socrates. Plato has left a most striking description of him in the Symposium³, put into the mouth of Alcibiades. I quote it almost at length from Shelley's translation, which though not always correct is graceful:—
 'I will begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to

¹ Xen. Mem. i. 1. 16.

² Especially Apol. 21 C. seq., 29 D. seq.

³ I. 204.

a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptor's shops, and which are holding carved flutes or pipes, but which when divided in two are found to contain the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs, I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper, and far more wonderful a one than he? For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught, for that music which is of heaven, and described as being taught by Marsyas, enchants men through the power of the mouth¹. For if any musician, be he skilful or not, awakens this music, it alone enables him to retain the minds of men, and from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who are in want of the gods and initiation: you differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instruments, by mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles², or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when any one hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskilful a speaker, be that person a woman, man, or child, we are struck and retained, as it were by the discourse clinging to our mind.

'If I was not afraid that I am a great deal too drunk, I would confirm to you by an oath the strange effects which

¹ Sympos. 215 A.

² Pericles is not named in the original; he had been dead some time.

I assure you I have suffered from his words, and suffer still ; for when I hear him speak my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries ; my tears are poured out as he talks, a thing I have often seen happen to many others besides myself. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind ; nor was my soul ever on those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lived seemed hardly worth living. Do not deny it, Socrates ; for I know well that if even now I chose to listen to you, I could not resist, but should again suffer the same effects. For, my friends, he forces me to confess that while I myself am still in need of many things, I neglect my own necessities and attend to those of the Athenians¹. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the Syrens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him, and grow old in listening to his talk. For this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me. For I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says or of refusing to do that which he directs : but when I depart from him the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape therefore and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done : and often and often have I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen I well know that I should suffer far greater pain ; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man I

¹ Cp. Apol. 36 C.

know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr.'

Alcibiades then says that Socrates has a supreme contempt for all external possessions, such as 'beauty, or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor.' He proceeds, 'I know not if any one of you have ever seen the divine images which are within, when he has been opened, and is serious. I have seen them, and they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine, and wonderful, that everything that Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a god.

* * * * *

'At one time we were fellow soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidæa. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one beside in endurance of evils: when, as often happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were none who could sustain hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly, but when he was compelled, he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed; and, what is most astonishing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time. In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid) he sustained calmly incredible hardships: and amongst other things, whilst the frost was intolerably severe, and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out, wrapt themselves up carefully, and put fleeces under their feet, and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot upon the ice: more easily, indeed, than those who had sandalled themselves so delicately: so that the soldiers thought that he did it to mock

their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition. In one instance he was seen early in the morning, standing in one place, wrapt in meditation; and as he seemed unable to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as enquiring and discussing within himself, and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another—"Socrates has been standing there thinking, ever since the morning." At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, they lay down to sleep in the cool: they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with a prayer and departed.

'I ought not to omit what Socrates is in battle. For in that battle¹ after which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone of all men was the saviour of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. On that occasion I entreated the generals to decree the prize, as it was most due, to him. And this, O Socrates, you cannot deny, that (when) the generals, wishing to conciliate a person of my rank desired to give me the prize, you were far more earnestly desirous than the generals that this glory should be attributed not to yourself, but me.

'But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delium² was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops,

¹ Sc. at Potidæa. See *ante*, p. xii.

² Shelley writes 'Delius' wrongly.

he and Laches retreated together; I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidæa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not wholly unlike his real self on this occasion, for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies: so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companions thus departed in safety: for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat.

‘Many other and most wonderful qualities might well be praised in Socrates, but such as these might singly be attributed to others. But that which is unparalleled in Socrates is that he is unlike and above comparison with all other men, whether those who have lived in ancient times, or those who exist now. For it may be conjectured that Brasidas and many others are such as was Achilles. Pericles deserves comparison with Nestor and Antenor; and other excellent persons of various times may, with probability, be drawn into comparison with each other. But to such a singular man as this, both himself and his discourses are so uncommon, no one, should he seek, would find a parallel among the present or past generations of mankind; unless they should say that he resembled those with whom I lately compared him, for assuredly he and his discourses are like

nothing but the Silen and the Satyrs. At first I forgot to make you observe how like his discourses are to those Satyrs when they are opened, for if any one will listen to the talk of Socrates, it will appear to him at first extremely ridiculous : the phrases and expressions which he employs fold round his exterior the skin, as it were, of a rude and wanton Satyr. He is always talking about great market-asses, and brass-founders, and leather-cutters, and skin-dressers ; and this is his perpetual custom, so that any dull and unobservant person might easily laugh at his discourse. But if any one should see it opened, as it were, and get within the sense of his words, he would then find that they alone of all that enters into the mind of men to utter, had a profound and persuasive meaning, and that they were most divine ; and that they presented to the mind innumerable images of every excellence, and that they tended towards objects of the highest moment, or rather towards all that he who seeks the possession of what is supremely excellent and good, need regard as essential to the accomplishment of his ambition.

‘These are the things, my friends, for which I praise Socrates.’

After that Socrates, Aristophanes and Agathon sat the night out in conversation, till Socrates made the other two, who were very tired and sleepy, admit that a man who could write tragedy could write comedy, and that the foundations of the tragic and comic arts were the same. Then Aristophanes and Agathon fell asleep in the early morning, Socrates went away and washed himself at the Lyceum, ‘and having spent the day there in his accustomed manner, went home in the evening.’

We have now reached the events narrated in our dialogues, the trial, the imprisonment, and the death of Socrates. The first of them, however, the Euthyphron, has only an indirect

bearing on these things. Socrates is going to be tried for impiety, and, before the trial begins, he wishes to show that his accusers and judges know not what impiety is. The scene is laid in the porch of the king archon, an official before whom indictments for impiety and the plea of the accused were laid and sworn to, matters of religion being his especial care. There Socrates and Euthyphron meet, Socrates having just been indicted, and Euthyphron being engaged in indicting his own father for the murder of a labouring man. Euthyphron is supremely contemptuous of his friends and relations, who say that he is acting wickedly. On the contrary, his act, he says, is a holy and pious one. To do otherwise would be impious. He himself, he is sure, knows all about divine things, and piety, and holiness: he has made them his special study. Socrates is anxious to be taught what piety is, that he may have something to say to his accusers. Euthyphron has plenty of self-confidence: he says at once, 'Piety is acting as I am acting now.' Socrates replies that that is no answer to his question. He does not want a particular example of piety. He wants to know the essence of piety, that which makes all pious actions pious. Euthyphron has a little difficulty at first in understanding Socrates' meaning. Then he gives as his definition, 'Piety is that which is pleasing to the gods.' The rest of the dialogue is a very good example of Socrates' method, of which some explanation is needful.

In the Apology we shall constantly hear of men thinking themselves wise, when they were not wise, of their fancying that they knew what they did not know. They talked glibly enough about justice and courage and piety and right and wrong and the like, and they were confident that they understood quite clearly what they meant by justice and courage

and piety and right and wrong. But as a matter of fact they had only in their minds a mass of confused and inconsistent ideas on these subjects, which they had never taken the trouble to think out and analyse. It is a fact, which is a little hard for us to realise, that before Socrates taught, men had never defined their words. They had used general terms which implied classification; they had said that such and such a man was just or pious: but they had never analysed or defined their general terms, and they had never thought what was meant by justice or piety. 'That reflex act of attention which enables men to understand, compare, and rectify their own mental process was only just beginning¹.' Such inaccurate use of language led, as it was bound to lead, to inaccurate and loose thinking. General terms like justice come to comprehend in their connotation a number of undefined and ill-assorted attributes, and to mean contradictory things. And if our language is not clear, we cannot think clearly or know. 'The vulgar (including in that term all who have not accurate habits of thought) seldom know exactly what assertion they intend to make, what common property they mean to express, when they apply the same name to a number of different things. All which the name expresses with them, when they predicate it of an object, is a confused feeling of resemblance between that object and a number of other things which they have been accustomed to denote by the name².' To this mass of confused and inconsistent ideas which men classed together under their undefined general terms, Socrates applied his wonderful cross-examinations. He was virtually the first man who

¹ Grote, Hist. of Greece, vol. viii, p. 230.

² J. S. Mill, Logic, Bk. iv. ch. iv. The whole chapter is worth reading

framed a definition. 'Two things,' says Aristotle¹, 'may be fairly ascribed to Socrates, namely Induction, and the Definition of general terms.' Socrates found men in the disgraceful state of ignorance of thinking that they possessed knowledge when they did not. He himself set the highest possible value on knowledge: he went so far as to teach that virtue was knowledge, and nothing else. He therefore set to work to get definitions by means of Induction². He examined objects from every possible side, with more or less of logical method; and in that way determined the right conception or definition. By a thorough and critical observation of things from every side, consciously employed, he believed that knowledge was attainable, and only so.

Let us see how Socrates worked his method. He spent his day in talking to any one who would talk to him. A man in the course of conversation used a general term, such as 'courage' or 'justice' or, as in Euthyphron's case, 'piety.' Socrates asked for a definition of it. The other, thinking that he knew all about it, gave an answer at once. The word was familiar enough to him, though he had never taken the trouble to analyse its meaning. Then Socrates proceeded to test the definition, by applying it to particular cases, by asking questions about it, by analysing it. He probably found without much difficulty that it was defective, either too narrow, or too broad, or contradictory of some other general proposition which had been laid down. Then the respondent emended his definition: but a fresh series of questions led him into hopeless difficulties; and he was forced at last to confess, or at least to feel, that he was ignorant where he had thought himself wise, that he had nothing like clear knowledge of the attribute which is in all the particulars

¹ Metaphys. xiii. 4. 6.

² See Bacon, Nov. Org. i. 105.

which come under the general term. Such conscious ignorance was the first step towards knowledge. Let me give a very good example of the Socratic method from Xenophon¹. The question is, What is injustice? It is unjust, replies Euthydemus, to lie or to rob. But, objects Socrates, it is not unjust to lie to an enemy or rob him. Well, it is unjust to treat a friend so. But a general is not unjust when he deceives his army with a lie to encourage them, nor is it unjust to rob a friend of his sword to prevent him from committing suicide. So, under certain circumstances, you may lie to and rob your friends. A further limitation is necessary. It is unjust to lie to your friends or to rob them for their harm: and Euthydemus gives in. Socrates himself expressed his sense of the importance of clear definition in language which sounds almost strange in its emphasis—‘An unexamined life is not worth living².’ And the importance has not become less as time has gone on. The connotation of words has grown wider without growing much more definite. In moral and political argument we do not always know precisely what we mean by such words as patriotism, justice, superstition, honour, right, wrong, and the like. We have still something to learn from Socrates.

To return to the Euthyphron. Piety is defined to be ‘that which is pleasing to the gods.’ But Euthyphron has also stated that the gods quarrel among themselves: and Socrates makes him admit that, if the gods quarrel, it is about questions of right and wrong, good and evil, and the like, and that some of them will think a thing right, while others think it wrong. The same thing therefore is loved by the gods and hated by the gods, and Euthyphron’s definition will not

¹ Mem. iv. 12. 2.

² Apol. 38 A. See Mr. Riddell’s admirable note ad loc.

stand. Then he alters it; but the cross-examination confuses him more and more, and he hardly understands the suggestion that piety is a part of justice. At last he is driven to the definition, 'piety is that which the gods love,' which is in fact just the definition which has been rejected at the beginning of the dialogue. So he goes away in a much less pleasant frame of mind than that in which he had come. Socrates gives no definition of his own. He knows that he knows nothing. Euthyphron knows nothing, and thinks that he knows a great deal¹.

Socrates' condemnation of the popular belief in the quarrels of the gods² should be observed. His dislike of such tales, he says, is one reason of his unpopularity. Another reason is that the Athenians cannot stand a wise man who makes others wise too³.

We now come to the trial and the defence of Socrates. He was indicted for impiety, and for corrupting young men, before a court of probably 501 dicasts or judges. Multiply an English jury by about forty, and take away the presiding judge, and we have such a court as that which tried Socrates: only we must add that the Athenian dicasts were a very animated audience, and were wont to express openly their pleasure or displeasure with what was said. Socrates is often obliged to request them not to interrupt him: for the request is addressed to them not to the general audience⁴. The indictment was preferred by a young poet named Meletus,¹ backed up by Lycon, a rhetorician of whom nothing more is known, and, the real mover in the matter, Anytus. He was a leather-seller by trade, and he had acquired great influence

¹ Apol. 21 D.

² Euthyph. 6 A.

³ Ib. 3 D.

⁴ In Aristophanes, Vesp. 979, they are represented as shouting at an unpopular speaker the Greek equivalent of 'sit down!' *κατάβα, κατάβα*.

and reputation with the people by his zeal and sufferings in the cause of democracy at the time of the oligarchy of the Thirty. All three accusers therefore belonged to classes which Socrates had offended by his censure of their 'conceit of knowledge' without real knowledge. The form of Meletus' indictment was as follows: 'Meletus, the son of Meletus of the deme Pitthis on his oath brings the following indictment against Socrates the son of Sophroniscus of the deme Alopece. Socrates commits a crime by not acknowledging the gods (1) whom the city acknowledges, but introducing other new (2) divinities. He also commits a crime by corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.' Meletus confuses in his indictment sophists and natural philosophers, just as Aristophanes had done in the *Clouds*: for when we turn to Socrates' cross-examination of him on the first count of this indictment we find him asserting¹ that Socrates believed the sun to be a stone, and the moon, earth—doctrines actually held by Anaxagoras; while the charge of corrupting the youth was a common one against the sophists. But there was nothing extraordinary in this confusion: it was shared by the mass of Athenians at the time.

So much for preliminaries. Some few words are necessary to explain the procedure at the trial. The time assigned to it was divided into three equal lengths. In the first the accusers—in the present instance all three of them—made their speeches: but with this we are not concerned. The second was occupied by the speech in defence, that is, by the first twenty-four chapters of the Apology. After that the judge voted, and found the accused guilty or not guilty.² The third length opened with the speech of the prosecutor advocating the penalty which he proposed—in this instance,

¹ Apol. 26 D.

death. The accused was at liberty to propose a lighter penalty, and he would then make a second speech in support of his proposal; he might at the same time appeal to the feelings of the court by bringing forward his wife and children. To this time belong chapters xxv–xxviii inclusive of the Apology. The prosecutor's speech is of course, omitted. Then the judges would have to decide between the two penalties proposed to them, of which they had to select one. If they voted for death, the condemned man was led away to prison by the officers of the Eleven¹. The end of the Apology from chapter xxix is not part of the trial, and we cannot be certain that Socrates was actually allowed to make such a farewell address. It must be at least doubtful whether those who had just condemned a man to death that they might be no longer made to give an account of their lives, would endure to hear him denouncing judgment against them for their sin, and prophesying the punishment which awaited them. Finally, we must remember that at certain points of his defence², properly so called, Socrates must be supposed to call witnesses to prove his statements.

The first question which presents itself to a reader of the Apology is, How far does it coincide with or represent what Socrates actually said in his defence? We know from Xenophon that he might easily have been acquitted if he would have consented to conciliate his judges with prayers and flattery³; and again that the divine sign forbade him to prepare any defence⁴. But that is all that we know independently of Plato's Apology: and if the Apology contains any of the actual utterances of Socrates, we have no means

¹ Apol. 39 E.

² E. g. Apol. 21 A, 32 E.

³ Xen. Mem. iv. 4. 4; cp. Apol. 34 C.

⁴ Xen. Mem. iv. 8, 5; cp. Apol. 17 B.

of determining which they are. There is strong internal evidence to show that the defence is largely Platonic. Mr. Riddell points out in his Introduction (p. xx) that, whereas Xenophon declares that Socrates prepared no speech, the Apology is 'artistic to the core.' Take for example the defence against the 'first accusers' (ch. ii-x). Their slanders and prejudices were as a matter of fact merely those of the mass of Athenians, including the judges. To attack such prejudices openly would have been to offend the judges still more. The attack is therefore masked. It is not made on 'your prejudices and slanders' (except only in 19 A, 24 A), but on the prejudices and slanders of certain unnamed individuals. So again with the reference to the Delphic oracle, which I have already spoken of. And the whole defence is most artistically arranged, with the technical argument in the middle, where it is least prominent, being least important. Apart from the art of the Apology, its style is distinctly Platonic, though the matter is Socratic enough.

'Notwithstanding, we can seek in the Apology a portrait of Socrates before his judges, and not be disappointed. Plato has not laid before us a literal narrative of the proceedings, and bidden us thence form the conception for ourselves : rather he has intended us to form it through the medium of his art. The structure is his, the language is his, much of the substance may be his ; notwithstanding, quite independently of the literal truth of the means, he guarantees to us a true conception of the scene and of the man¹.' He was, we know, present at the trial²; he knew well how Socrates defended himself; he doubtless talked much with Socrates after the trial in the prison; and he had an intense reverence for his master. Of course he could not

¹ Riddell, Introduction, p. xxvii.

² Apol. 38 B.

give a verbatim account of a speech made without even a note; there were no shorthand writers at Athens: but he knew the substance of the defence. His Apology may be compared to the speeches in Thucydides, who says that it was difficult to remember the exact words used by the speakers, but that he has adhered as closely as he could to their meaning¹.

The first part of the Apology begins with a short introduction. Then Socrates proceeds to divide his accusers into two sets. First there are those who have been accusing him untruly now for many years, among them his old enemy Aristophanes; then Meletus and his friends. He will answer his 'first accusers' first. They have accused him of being at once a wicked sophist and natural philosopher. He distinguishes these characters, and points out that it is a mistake to say that he is either one or the other. He is unpopular because he has taken on himself the duty of examining men, in consequence of a certain answer given by the Delphic oracle, 'that he was the wisest of men.' He details his attempts to confute the oracle, which have gained him much hatred: men do not like to be proved ignorant where they think themselves 'wise. They call him wise, though he knows that he knows nothing, and every kind of bad name besides, because he exposes their pretence of knowledge. Then he turns to his present accusers, Meletus, Anytus, and Lycon. Meletus is cross-examined and easily made to contradict himself: he is an infant in Socrates' hands, who treats him very contemptuously, answering a fool according to his folly. But some one may ask, is it worth while to risk death for the sake of such a life as you are leading? Socrates replies that he did not desert the post

¹ Thucyd. i. 22. 1.

which human assigned him ; shall he desert the post at which the God has set him ? He will not do that ; and therefore he will not accept an acquittal conditional on abstaining from an examination of men. The Athenians should not be angry with him ; rather they should thank the God for sending him to them to rouse them, as a gadfly—to use a ridiculous simile—rouses a noble but sluggish steed. If they put him to death, they will not easily find a successor to him. His whole life is devoted to their service, though he is not a public man. He would have been put to death years ago if he had engaged in politics, for there is much injustice in every city, which he would oppose by every means in his power. His action when the ten generals were condemned, and under the oligarchy, prove that. But as a private man he has striven for justice all his life, and his conversation has been open before all. If young men have been corrupted by him, why do they not come forward to accuse him when they are grown up ? Or if they do not like to come forward, why do not their relations who are uncorrupted ? It is because they know Socrates to be speaking the truth and Anytus to be a liar.

That is pretty much what he has to say. He will not appeal to the compassion of the judges. Such conduct brings disgrace on Athens ; and besides, the judges have sworn to decide according to law, and to appeal to their feelings would be to try to make them forswear themselves : he is accused of impiety, he will not accuse himself of impiety by such conduct. With these words he commits his cause to the judges and to the God.

At this point the judges vote. He is condemned by 281 to 220. Meletus' speech in support of sentence of death follows, and then Socrates' speech in favour of his alternative

penalty. He has expected to be condemned, and by a much larger majority. What shall he propose as his penalty? What does he deserve for his life? He is a public benefactor; and he thinks that he ought to have a public maintenance in the Prytaneum, like an Olympic victor. Seriously, why should he propose a penalty? He is sure that he has done no wrong. He does not know whether death is a good or an evil. Why should he propose something that he knows to be an evil? Payment of a fine would be no evil, but then he has no money to pay it with; perhaps he can make up one mina: that is his proposal. Or, as his friends wish it, he offers thirty minæ, and his friends will be securities for payment.

The Athenians, as they were logically bound to do, condemn him to death. They have voted against him, wishing to be relieved from the necessity of having to give an account of their lives, and after their verdict he affirms more strongly than ever that while he has breath and power he will not cease from questioning them. With the sentence of death the trial ends; but in the *Apology* Socrates addresses some last words to those who have condemned him and to those who have acquitted him. The former he rebukes for their crime, and foretells the evil that awaits them: to the latter he wishes to talk about what has befallen him, and death. They must be of good cheer. No harm can come to a good man in life or in death. Death is either a long and dreamless sleep, wherein there is no sensation at all; or it is a journey to another and a better world, where are the famous men of old. Whichever alternative be true, death is not an evil but a good. His own death is willed by the gods, and he is content. He has only one request to make, that his judges will trouble his sons, as he has troubled them, if his sons set riches above virtue, and think themselves great men when

they are worthless. 'But now the time has come for us to depart, ~~me~~ to die and you to live. Whether life or death be better only to the God.' So ends this wonderful dialogue.

It is necessary to remark that Socrates is not acting a part before his judges, as some great men have done after him. He is deeply in earnest, except where he plays contemptuously with Meletus. He is fully convinced that the God has laid a duty on him, which may cost him his life: but he will not disobey the God or do wrong to escape death. So again in his professions of his own ignorance; they are not meant to make the conversation amusing, and the discomfiture of his adversary more complete. He knew that he knew nothing. With him knowledge meant knowledge of the essence of a thing, the discovery of permanent as opposed to changing attributes. And, though he was confident that such knowledge was attainable by men, he knew that he had it not himself. He wished to exalt his argument at the expense of himself, not to add any weight and personal authority to what he said¹. He was not giving men truths: he was training them to think. His irony is an attempt to sink his personality.

There is one very obscure question which rises in the *Apology*, What was Socrates' divine sign? He himself explained it to be a voice from the gods, given to him alone, which forbade him to do certain things though it never impelled him to act. It is clear enough that it was not conscience, for it dealt not with the morality, but with the expediency of actions. In this dialogue it does not forbid him to desert his post and neglect the duty of examining men which the God had laid upon him². He will not do

¹ See *Ecce Homo*, ch. ix.

² *Apol.* 28 E.

that on account of his divine mission. The divine sign forbids him to enter on public life, because it would be inexpedient to do so¹. Besides, conscience is positive as well as negative, and Socrates could hardly claim a monopoly of it. M. Lélut, on the other hand, in a book called *Du Démon de Socrate* (1836), argues 'que Socrate était un fou,' and classes him with Luther, Pascal, Rousseau, and others. He thinks that Socrates in his hallucinations really believed that he heard a voice. Zeller says that the divine sign is 'the general form which a vivid, but in its origin unexplained,' sense of the propriety of a particular action assumed for the personal consciousness of Socrates,' 'the inner voice of individual tact,' cultivated to a pitch of extraordinary accuracy². Mr. Riddell, in an appendix of great interest, collects all the passages from Xenophon and Plato, and points out that the two accounts are contradictory. Taking Xenophon's account he believes 'that it was a quick exercise of a judgment, informed by knowledge of the subject, trained by experience, and inferring from cause to effect without consciousness of the process' (p. 114). If we take Plato's account he thinks explanation impossible: we cannot go beyond what Socrates says. Dr. Thompson (Master of Trinity College, Cambridge), after pointing out that it is a sign or voice from the gods, and not, as has been sometimes said, a genius or attendant spirit, seems to accept Schleiermacher's opinion as most probable, that it 'denotes the province of such rapid moral judgments as cannot be referred to distinct grounds, which accordingly Socrates did not attribute to his proper self: for instance, presentiment of the issue of an undertaking: attraction or repulsion in reference to particular indi-

¹ Apol. 31 D.² Socrates and the Socratic Schools, p. 94.

viduals¹. Fortunately the question is curious rather than important, for we can hardly say that we have evidence enough to settle it.

At the close of the Apology Socrates is about to be led away to prison. His death was delayed by a certain mission which the Athenians annually sent to Apollo at Delos : for while the mission was away no one could be put to death in Athens². Socrates therefore had to spend a long time ironed in the prison, in which the scene of the Crito is laid. It is early morning, and Socrates is still asleep. Crito has come before the usual time, the bearer of news which is more bitter to him than to Socrates, that the ship of the mission is at Sunium and will soon reach the Peiræus; on the following day Socrates will have to die. For the last time Crito implores him to escape and save himself. It will be quite easy and will not cost his friends much ; and there are many places for him to go to. If he stays, he will be doing the work of his foes : he will be deserting his children, and covering himself with ridicule and his friends with disgrace. 'Think what men will say of us.'

Socrates replies that he has been guided by reason and has disregarded the opinion of men all his life. It matters not what the world will say, but what the one man who knows what Right is, and what Truth herself will think of us. The question is, Shall I be doing right in escaping, and will you be doing right in aiding my escape? Crito agrees to that, and to the first principle which Socrates lays down as a starting-point :—if any one wrong us, we may not wrong him in return. We have no right to repay evil with evil, though

¹ Butler's Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy. Edited by Dr. Thompson, 2nd ed., p. 238, note 19.

² See Phædo, 58 A.

few men think so or ever will think so. Such a sentiment must indeed have sounded strange to Socrates' contemporaries; Greek morality was, do good to your friends, and harm to your enemies, a proposition which Xenophon puts into the mouth of Socrates himself¹: our own morality is often only different from the Greek in theory.

Socrates then starts from the principle, that it is wrong to return evil for evil. Apply that to his case: he will be wronging the state if he escapes from prison and from death against the will of the Athenians; by so doing, he will be doing all he can to destroy the state of which he is a citizen. A city in which private individuals set aside at their will the judicial decisions and laws of the state cannot continue to exist: it must be destroyed. It may be that an individual is condemned or otherwise treated unjustly: then the laws are either bad, or, as he says at the end of the dialogue², badly administered. Still, the individual may not take the matter into his own hands. The members of all bodies of men, and therefore of the state, must sacrifice their individuality, more or less, to the whole to which they belong. They must obey the rules or laws of the whole, or it will perish. Even in bodies of bad men there must be and is a certain harmony and unanimity³. The *Crito* represents Socrates as the good citizen, who has been condemned unjustly 'not by the laws but by men,' but who will not retaliate on the state and destroy it: he will submit to death. Were he to escape, the laws would come and ask him why he was trying to destroy them, and if he replied that they had wronged him, they would retort that he had agreed to be bound by all the judicial decisions of the state. He owes

¹ Mem. ii. 3. 35.

² *Crito*, 54 C.

³ Cp. Rep. 352 C, D.

everything to them—his birth, his bringing up, his education; he is their offspring and slave, and bound to do whatever they bid him without an answer. He has agreed to that; and his consent to the agreement was not got from him by force or fraud: he has had seventy years to consider it; for they permit any man who chooses to leave the city and go elsewhere. Socrates has not only not done that, he has remained within the walls more than any Athenian, so contented was he. He might have proposed exile as the penalty at his trial, and it would have been accepted, but he expressly refused to do so. And if he runs away, where will he go to? Orderly men and cities will look askance at him as a lawless person: life will not be worth living in disorderly states like Thessaly; what could he do there? He could scarcely have the face to converse about virtue. Will he go away to Thessaly for dinner? And will he take his children with him, and make them strangers to their own country? Or will he leave them in Athens? What good will he do them then? His friends, if they are real friends, will take as much care of them if he goes to the other world as if he goes to Thessaly. Let him stay and die, and he will go away an injured man, and the laws of Hades will receive him kindly. Such are the arguments he hears murmured in his ears. Crito admits that he cannot answer them.

We have no means of saying whether the incident of this dialogue ever occurred. Plato was quite capable of inventing it. Doubtless however Socrates' friends would have liked to save his life, and may have proposed escape to him. Crito is met with again in the *Phædo*. He is an old and intimate friend, who asks for Socrates' last commands, and is with him at his last parting from his family, and finally closes his eyes. He is not good at argument in this

dialogue: and the reasoning in the *Phædo* makes no impression on him ¹.

In the *Phædo* the story of Socrates' death is related at Phlius to Echecrates and other Phliasians by Phædo, who had been with his master to the end. It is a dialogue within a dialogue, the scene of the first being Phlius, and of the second the prison, two days after the incident narrated in the *Crito* ². Phædo first explains how the mission to Apollo delayed Socrates' death for so long: he tells who were present, how they heard the night before of the arrival of the ship from Delos, and how they arranged to go to Socrates the next morning, very early. Then we are taken into the prison, where Socrates is just released from his fetters, and Xanthippe, who is soon sent away wailing, sitting by him. Socrates remarks on the close connection of pleasure and pain, and then the conversation turns upon suicide, which Socrates says is wrong, though the philosopher will always long to die. Such a man, when he is dead, will be cared for by good gods, he will be with better companions than on earth, and he will be released from the body, which is a perpetual hindrance to the soul in her pursuit of truth. Philosophy is a study of death; the philosopher longs to be emancipated from the bondage of the body, for he desires knowledge, which is attainable only after death. Those who fear death do not love wisdom, but their bodies or wealth or honour. And their virtue is a strange thing. They are brave from a fear of greater evils, and temperate because intemperance prevents them from enjoying certain pleasures. Such virtue is utterly false and unsound and slavish. True virtue is a purification of the soul, and those who have puri-

¹ See *Phædo*, 115 D, E.

Crito 44 A.

fied their souls will be with the gods after death. Therefore Socrates is ready to die.

Cebes fears that when a man dies his soul vanishes away like smoke. Socrates proceeds to discuss the immortality of the soul. In the first place, by a confusion of sequence and effect, he argues that opposites are generated from opposites: and therefore life from death. If it were not so, if death were generated from life, and not life from death, everything would at length be dead. He next makes use of the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence. All our knowledge is a remembrance of what we have known at some previous time, and that can only have been before we were born. Our souls therefore must have existed before they entered our bodies. Simmias admits that, but wants a further proof that they will continue to exist when we are dead. Socrates has no objection to go on with the discussion, though the further proof is needless. Which, he asks, is most liable to dissolution, the simple and unchanging, or the compound and changing? that which is akin to the divine, or that which is akin to the mortal? Clearly the former in both instances; in other words the soul is less subject to dissolution than the body. But the body, if it be properly embalmed, may be preserved for ages, and parts of it, as the bones, are to all intents and purposes immortal. Can it be said then that the soul vanishes away at death? Far from it: the pure soul goes hence to a place that is glorious and pure and invisible, and lives with the gods, while the soul that is impure flutters about tombs, weighed down by her earthly element, until she is again imprisoned in the body of some animal with habits congenial to her previous life. The sensual soul for instance goes into the body of an ass; the unjust or tyrannical soul into the body of a wolf or a kite: such souls as have been

just and temperate, though without philosophy, go into some gentle animal, the bee, or the wasp, or, it may be, moderate men. Only the souls of philosophers go and live with the gods. That is why philosophers abstain from bodily pleasures.

Simmias and Cebes are still unconvinced, and with a little pressure are induced to state their difficulties. Simmias believes the soul to be a harmony of the elements of the body, which is to the body as a musical harmony is to a lyre. But a musical harmony, though diviner than the lyre, does not survive it. Cebes does not feel that. He grants the soul to be much more enduring than the body, but he cannot see that the soul has been proved to be immortal.

At this point there is a break in the argument. The listeners nearly despair on hearing these objections. Then Socrates proceeds, first warning them against coming to hate all reasoning, because it has sometimes deceived them. The fault is not in reasoning, but in themselves. And he begs them to be careful that he does not mislead them in his eagerness to prove the soul immortal. He is an interested party.

He answers Simmias first. Does Simmias still believe in the doctrine of Reminiscence? He does. Then the soul is not a harmony of the elements of the body: if she were, she would have existed before the elements which compose her. And the soul leads, and is never more or less a soul. In those things she differs from a harmony, and so Simmias' objection fails. Cebes' point is more important. To answer him involves an investigation of the whole question of generation and decay; but Socrates is willing to narrate his own experiences on the subject. He has met the dead

he was completely puzzled. He could not understand the causes of the philosophers. He hoped great things from Anaxagoras, who, he was told, said that Mind was the Universal Cause, and who, he expected, would show that everything was ordered in the best way. He was grievously disappointed. Anaxagoras made no use of mind at all, but introduced air, and ether, and a number of strange things as causes. In his disappointment he turned to investigate the question of causation for himself. All his hearers will admit the existence of absolute Ideas. He made up his mind that Ideas are the causes of phenomena, beauty of beautiful objects, greatness of great things and so on. Echecrates interposes the remark that any man of sense will agree to that. Socrates goes on to show that opposite Ideas cannot coexist in the same person: if it is said that Simmias is both tall and short, because he is taller than Socrates and shorter than Phædo, that is true; but he is only tall and short relatively. An Idea must always perish or retreat before its opposite. Further than that, an Idea will not only not admit its opposite; it will not either admit that which is inseparable from its opposite. The opposite of cold is heat; and just as cold will not admit heat, so it will not admit fire, which is inseparable from heat. Cold and fire cannot coexist in the same object. So life is the opposite of death, and life is caused by the soul. Therefore the soul will not admit death. She is immortal, and therefore indestructible: and when a man dies his soul goes away safe and unharmed. Simmias admits that he has nothing to urge against Socrates' reasoning though he cannot say that he is quite satisfied. Human reason is weak and the subject vast.

But if the soul lives on after death, how terrible must be

the danger of neglecting her! For she takes to Hades nothing but her nurture and education, and these make a great difference to her at the very beginning of her journey thither. Socrates then describes the soul's journey to the other world, and her life there: a remark that the earth is a wonderful place, not at all like what is commonly thought, leads to the description of the earth in the famous Myth of the Phædo. Socrates describes its shape, and character, and inhabitants, and beauty. We men, who think we live on its surface, really live down in a hollow. Other men live really on the surface, which is much fairer than our world. Then he goes on to describe Tartarus and its rivers, of which the chief are Oceanus, Acheron, Pyriphlegethon, and Cocytus. He proceeds to speak of the judgment and rewards and punishments of the souls after death: a man who has devoted himself to his soul and not to his body need not be afraid of death, which is a complete release from the body, for for him there is a place prepared of wonderful beauty. Socrates has not time to speak of it now. It is getting late, and he must bathe and prepare for death.

Crito asks for Socrates' last commands. The argument has made no impression on him; he does not understand that Socrates is going away, and wants to know how to bury him. Socrates leaves that to his friends, 'only you must catch me first.' Then he goes away with Crito to bathe, and takes leave of his family: there is but little conversation after that. The poison is brought, and Socrates drinks it calmly, without changing colour, rebuking his friends for their noisy grief. A few minutes before he dies he remembers that he owes a cock to Asclepius. Crito must pay it for him. The

There are some little dramatic touches in the Phædo which are worth noticing, such as Socrates rubbing his leg when he has been released from his fetters; his playing with Phædo's hair; his courteous inclination of the head to an objector: his fixed gaze (*ταυρηδόν*). They are of course Plato's way of giving vividness to his picture.

The Phædo may be divided into two parts, the historical and the philosophical. Plato, it is true, was not present at Socrates' death¹, but there is no reason for doubting that his account of it is true. He must have heard the story of that last day often enough from eyewitnesses. The philosophy of the Phædo is another matter. There is no doubt whatsoever that that is not Socratic, but Platonic. The last day of Socrates' life was doubtless spent in conversation and reasonings, but the conversation and reasonings were not those which are reported in the Phædo. That can be shown very shortly. Socrates never attempted a scientific proof of the immortality of the soul. In the Apology, which is a Socratic dialogue, he distinctly declares that he does not know whether death is a good or an evil, that he knows that he has no clear knowledge of what comes after death². Even in his concluding remarks he does not say that the soul is immortal. There is an alternative. Death may be an eternal sleep with absolutely no sensations³. In the Phædo immortality is finally proved by the doctrine of Ideas, a doctrine which was unknown to Socrates, and which was an advance on his teaching made by Plato, as Aristotle expressly tells us⁴. Finally, let us turn to the passage in the Apology, where Socrates says that his wisdom is purely

¹ Phædo 59 B.

² Apol. 29 A, B.

³ Ib. 40 C.

⁴ Metaph. xii. 4, 5.

human, and that he knows nothing of any wisdom which is greater than human¹. Such a man could never talk about the doctrines of Metempsychosis and Reminiscence. By far the greater part of the conversation recorded in the *Phædo*, therefore, never took place. We have no record whatever of what the actual conversation of that last day was.

Such is Plato's picture of the trial and death of the protomartyr of philosophy. The most striking features of Socrates' character as it is portrayed in these dialogues are well set out in Mr. Tennyson's often-quoted lines:—

'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead man to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for,) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence².'

For what strikes us perhaps most in Socrates is, first the power with which he dominated all men. It is not only that ignorant and pretentious persons like Meletus and Euthyphron are powerless in his grasp. Real thinkers like Simmias and Cebes are conquered by him in argument with complete ease. And, secondly, there is his faith, 'his burning faith in God and right.' Knowing nothing certainly of what comes after death, and having no sure hope of a reward in the next world for doing right, he submitted calmly to a death which he might have avoided, rather than desert the post at which he believed the God had set him, or do what he believed to be wrong.

¹ *Apol.* 20 C.

² *Ænone*.

EUTHYPHRON.

CHARACTERS OF THE DIALOGUE.

SOCRATES.

EUTHYPHRON.

SCENE.—The porch of the King Archon.

EUTHYPHRON.



Euth. Why, Socrates, what in the world are you doing here in the archon's porch? What has drawn you from your haunts in the Lyceum? Surely you cannot have an action before him, as I have.

CHAP.
Steph
p. 2

Socr. Nay, the Athenians, Euthyphron, call it an indictment, not an action.

Euth. What? Do you mean that you have been indicted? I cannot believe that you have indicted any one yourself.

Socr. Certainly I have not.

Euth. Then has some one indicted you?

Socr. Indeed, ycs.

Euth. Who is he?

Socr. I scarcely know him myself, Euthyphron; I think he must be some unknown young man. His name however is Meletus, and his deme Pitthis, if you can call to mind any Meletus of that deme,—a hook-nosed man with long hair, and rather a badly-grown beard.

Euth. I don't know him, Socrates. But, tell me, what is this indictment of his?

Socr. What is it? Why, no common one, I think. It is a fine thing for a young man to have formed an opinion on such great matters. For he, he says, knows how the young are corrupted, and who are their

corruptors. He must be some wise man ; and marking my ignorance, he is going to accuse me to the city, as to his mother, of corrupting his companions. He is the only public man I know, who sets to work at the right point in the art of politics, I mean whose first care is to make the youth as perfect as possible, just as a good farmer is likely to look after his young plants first, and then after the others. And in the same way, Meletus, I suppose, will begin by clearing
3 off us, who, as he says, corrupt the young men as they grow up ; and, then, when he has done this, of course he will turn his attention to the older men, and so become a very great public benefactor. Indeed, that is only what you would expect, when he sets to work in this fashion.

II. *Euth.* I hope it may be so, Socrates, but I greatly fear the contrary. It seems to me that in trying to wrong you, he is simply attacking the city in its most sacred part. But tell me, in what way does he say that you corrupt the youth?

Socr. What he says, my friend, sounds odd at first. He alleges that I am a maker of gods, and that that is why he indicts me : because, as he says, I make new gods, and do not believe in the old gods.

Euth. I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he indicts you on the ground that you are bringing novelties into religion. And he comes to the court to attack you there, knowing that it is easy to misrepresent such matters to the multitude. I know that, for they mock at me for a madman when I talk about divine things in the assembly, and tell them what is

going to happen : and yet my prophecies have never been untrue. But they are jealous of all of us. We must not mind them : we must meet them boldly.

Socr. My dear Euthyphron, their laughter is not III. a matter of great consequence. The Athenians, it seems to me, may hold a man to be clever without minding him much, so long as they do not think that he teaches his wisdom to others. But they get angry as soon as they think that a man makes other people clever too, whether from jealousy, as you say, or for some other reason.

Euth. I am not very anxious to try their disposition towards me in this matter.

Socr. No, perhaps they think that you are a person of reserved habits, and that you do not wish to teach your wisdom to others ; but I am afraid they do not think so of me. My love of mankind makes me talk to every one I meet quite freely and without reserve, and without payment either. Indeed, if I could, I would gladly pay people myself to listen. If then, as I said just now, they were only going to mock at me, as you say they do at you, it would be pleasant enough in court with their laughter and raillery. But if they are going to be in earnest, only prophets like you can tell where the matter will end.

Euth. Well, Socrates, I dare say nothing will come of it. Very likely your trial will end as you wish, and I think mine will too.

Socr. And what is this suit of yours, Euthyphron ? IV. Are you suing, or being sued ?

Euth. I am suing.

Socr. Whom ?

4 *Euth.* A man whom I am thought mad to be suing.

Socr. What? Has he wings to fly with?

Euth. He is far enough from flying; he is a very old man.

Socr. Who is he?

Euth. He is my father.

Socr. Your father, my good sir?

Euth. He is indeed.

Socr. What are you suing him for? What is the charge?

Euth. It is a charge of murder, Socrates.

Socr. By Heracles, Euthyphron! Surely the multitude have no notion of what makes right. I take it it is not every one who could do rightly as you are doing; only a man who was already well advanced in wisdom.

Euth. That is quite true, Socrates.

Socr. Was the man whom your father slew a relative of yours? Nay, of course he was: you would never have indicted your father for the murder of a stranger?

Euth. You amuse me, Socrates. What difference does it make whether the murdered man was a relative or a stranger? You have only to ask, did the slayer slay justly or not? If justly, you must let him alone; if unjustly, you must proceed against him for murder, even if he share your hearth and sit at your table. The pollution is the same, if you associate with such a man, knowing what he has done, without bringing him to justice, and so purifying him as well as yourself. In the present case the dead man was a poor dependent

of mine, who worked for us on our farm in Naxos. In a fit of drunkenness he got in a rage with one of our slaves, and killed him. My father therefore bound the man hand and foot and threw him into a ditch, while he sent to Athens to ask the seer what he should do. While the messenger was gone, he quite neglected the man, thinking that he was a murderer, and that it would be no great matter, even if he were to die. And that was exactly what happened; hunger and cold and his bonds killed him before the messenger returned. And now my father and the rest of my family are indignant with me because I proceed against my father for the murder of this murderer. They assert that he did not put the man to death at all; and that even if he had done so over and over again, yet, the man himself being a murderer, I ought not to concern myself about such a person; for, they say, it is unholy for a son to proceed against his father for murder. So little, Socrates, do they know what the gods think about holiness and unholiness.

Socr. And do you mean to say, Euthyphron, that you think that you know about divine things, and holiness, and unholiness so accurately that, in such a case as you have stated, you can bring your father to justice without fear that you yourself may be doing an unholy deed?

Euth. If I did not understand all these matters accurately, Socrates, what good should I be, and how would Euthyphron be better than the multitude?

Socr. Then, my excellent Euthyphron, I cannot do better than become your pupil, and challenge Meletus

on this very point before the trial begins. I should say that I had always thought it very important to have knowledge about divine things; and that now, as he says that I offend by speaking lightly about them, and by introducing novelties in them, I have become your pupil; and I should say, Meletus, you acknowledge Euthyphron to be wise in these matters, and to hold the true belief; then think the same of me, and do not put me on my trial; but if you do not, you must prosecute, not me, but my master, for corrupting his elders; namely, me whom he instructs and his own father whom he admonishes and chastises. And if I should not persuade him either to release me from the suit, or to indict you in my place, then I could repeat my challenge in court.

Euth. Yes, by Zeus, Socrates, I think I should find out his weak points, if he were to try and indict me. We should have things to say of him in court long before we spoke of myself.

Socr. Yes, my dear friend, and knowing this, I am anxious to become your pupil. I see that Meletus here and others seem not to notice you at all, while he is down on me at once, and indicts me for impiety. Now, therefore, please explain to me what you were so confident of knowing just now. Tell me what is piety and impiety with reference to murder and everything else. I suppose that holiness is the same in all action; and that unholiness is always the opposite of holiness, and like itself, and with one nature for all unholiness¹, whatever that may be.

Euth. Certainly, Socrates. I suppose so.

Socr. Tell me, then; what is holiness and unholiness?

Euth. Well, then, I say that holiness is doing as I am doing: it means to prosecute the evil doer whose crime is murder or sacrilege, or any other such deed, whether he be your father or your mother or whoever he be; and I say that unholiness is not to prosecute him. And observe, Socrates, I have a strong proof, which I have already given to others, that the words mean this: which shows that if we would do right we must not suffer the impious man, whoever he may be. Men hold Zeus to be the best and the justest of the gods; and they admit that Zeus bound his own father, Cronos, for devouring his children wickedly; and that Cronos in his turn castrated his father for similar reasons. And yet these same men are angry with me because I prosecute my father for doing wrong. So, you see, they say one thing in the case of the gods and quite another in mine.

Socr. Then this is what I am being indicted for, Euthyphron? They will say that I am a wicked man, because I am displeased when I hear people talk of the gods in that way. Now if you, who understand all these matters thoroughly, agree in holding all those tales true, then I suppose I must needs give way. What could I say when I admit myself that I know nothing about them? But tell me, in the name of friendship, do you really believe that these tales are true?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, and stranger ones too, which the multitude know not of.

Socr. Then you really believe that there is war among the gods, and bitter hatreds, and battles, and the like? You believe the stories of the poets and of the great painters of the pictures which are in all our temples, and which notably cover the robe that is carried up to the Acropolis at the great Panathenaic festival. Are we to call them true, Euthyphron?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, and more besides. As I was saying, I will relate to you many other stories about divine matters, if you like, which I am sure will astonish you.

VII. *Socr.* I dare say. You shall relate them to me at leisure another time. At present please try to answer my question more plainly. I asked you, my friend, What is holiness? and I am not satisfied with your answer. You only tell me that you are doing a holy act in prosecuting your father for murder.

Euth. Well, that is true, Socrates.

Socr. I dare say. But many other actions are holy, are they not, Euthyphron?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Remember, then, I do not ask you to name one or two of all the many holy actions; I want to know the idea which makes all holy actions holy. You said, I think, that there is one idea by which all holy actions are holy, and all unholy actions unholy. Do you not remember?

Euth. I do.

Socr. Well, then, explain to me what is this idea, that I may turn to it, and use it as a test of what you and other men do. Thus I shall be able to say that

whatever action resembles it is holy, and whatever does not, is not holy.

Euth. Yes, I will tell you that, if you wish it, Socrates.

Socr. Certainly I wish it.

Euth. Well then, what is pleasing to the gods is holy; and what is not pleasing to them is unholy. 7

Socr. Beautiful, Euthyphron. Now you answer me as I wish. Whether your definition is the true one, I cannot tell yet. But of course you will go on to prove the truth of it.

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Come then, let us examine our words. The things and the men that are pleasing to the gods are holy; and the things and the men that are displeasing to the gods are unholy. But holiness and unholiness are not the same: they are as opposite as possible; was not that said? VIII.

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. And I think that that was very well said.

Euth. Yes, Socrates, that was certainly said.

Socr. Was it not also said, Euthyphron, that there are factions, and disagreements, and hatreds among the gods?

Euth. It was.

Socr. But what kind of disagreements, my friend, cause hatred and wrath? Let us look at the matter thus. If you and I were to disagree on a question whether one number were more than another, would that provoke us to anger, and make us enemies? Should we not settle that dispute at once by counting?

Euth. Of course.

Socr. And if we were to disagree on a question regarding the size of two things, we should measure them, and put an end to the disagreement at once, should we not?

Euth. Yes.

Socr. And we should settle a question about the weight of two things at once, by going and weighing them, should we not?

Euth. Of course.

Socr. Then what is the question which would provoke us to anger, and make us enemies, if we disagreed on it, and could not come to a settlement? Perhaps you have not an answer ready: but listen to me. Is it not the question of right and wrong, of the honourable and the base, of the good and bad? Is it not questions on these matters which make you and me, and every one else quarrel, when we do quarrel, if we differ on them, and can reach no satisfactory settlement?

Euth. Yes, Socrates; it is disagreements on these matters.

Socr. Well, Euthyphron, the gods will disagree for these reasons, if they disagree at all, will they not?

Euth. Necessarily.

Socr. Then, my excellent Euthyphron, you say that some of the gods think one thing right, and others another: and that what some of them hold to be honourable or good, others hold base or evil. For there would not have been factions among them if they had not disagreed on these points, would there?

Euth. You are right.

Socr. Then, each of them loves just what he thinks honourable, and good, and right, and hates the contrary, does he not?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. But you say that the same action is held by some of them to be right, and by others to be wrong; and that then they dispute about it, and so quarrel^s and fight among themselves. Is it not so?

Euth. Yes.

Socr. Then the same thing is hated by the gods and loved by them; and the same thing will be pleasing and displeasing to them.

Euth. Apparently.

Socr. Then, according to your definition, the same thing will be holy and unholy.

Euth. So it seems.

Socr. Then, my good friend, you did not answer^{IX.} my question. I did not ask you to tell me what action is both holy and unholy; but it seems that whatever is pleasing to the gods is also displeasing to them. And so, Euthyphron, I should not wonder if what you are doing now in chastising your father is a deed well-pleasing to Zeus, but hateful to Cronos and Ouranos, and acceptable to Hephæstus, but hateful to Hêrê; and in the same way, if any of the other gods disagree about it, pleasing to some of them and displeasing to others.

Euth. But on this point, Socrates, I think that all the gods agree: they all hold that if any man puts another to death wrongfully, he must be punished.

Socr. What, Euthyphron? Among mankind, have you ever heard people disputing whether a man ought

to be punished for putting another to death wrongfully, or for doing some other wrong deed?

Euth. Indeed, they never cease from these disputes, especially in courts of justice. They do all manner of wrong things; and then there is nothing which they will not do and say to avoid punishment.

Socr. Do they admit that they have done wrong, and at the same time deny that they ought to be punished?

Euth. No, indeed; that they do not.

Socr. Then it is not everything that they will do and say. I take it, they do not venture to assert or argue that if they do do wrong they must be punished. What they deny is that they have done wrong, is it not?

Euth. That is true.

Socr. Then they do not dispute the proposition, that the wrong doer must be punished. They dispute on the question, who is a wrong doer, and when, and what is a wrong deed.

Euth. That is true.

Socr. Well, is not exactly the same true of the gods, if they quarrel about right and wrong, as you say they do? Do not some of them assert that the others are doing wrong, while the others deny it? I suppose that no one, whether god or man, ventures to say that the wrong doer must not be punished.

Euth. No, Socrates, that is true, broadly speaking.

Socr. I take it, Euthyphron, the disputants, whether men or gods, if the gods do dispute, dispute about each separate act. When they differ about any act, some of them say it was done rightly, and others wrongly. Is it not so?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Come then, my dear Euthyphron, please enlighten me on this point. Explain to me what proof have you that the gods agree in holding it a wrongful death, when a labourer who has committed murder, and is therefore put into chains by the master of the murdered man, dies from his chains before the master has had time to learn from the seers what he should do? How do you know that it is right for a son to prosecute his father, and indict him for the murder of such a man as that? Come, see if you can make that point clear to me, and show me that the gods necessarily agree in thinking that this action is right; and if you satisfy me, I will never cease singing your praises for wisdom.

Euth. I could make that clear enough to you, Socrates; but I am afraid that it would be a long business.

Socr. I see you think that I am duller than the judges. To them of course you will make it plain that your father has done wrong, and that all the gods agree in hating such deeds.

Euth. I will indeed, Socrates, if they will only listen to me.

Socr. Yes, they will listen, if they think you speak well. But while you were speaking, a thought struck me. I ask myself this question: if Euthyphron were to prove as clearly as possible that the gods agree in holding such a death wrongful, what more have I to learn from him about the nature of holiness and unholiness? This particular act, it seems, would be pleasing to the gods, but that does not show us the nature of holiness and unholiness: for we have

seen that what is displeasing to the gods is also pleasing to them. So I will let you off on this point, Euthyphron; and, if you will, let the gods agree in holding your father's deed wrong, and in hating it. But shall we correct our definition and say that whatever all the gods hate is unholy, and whatever they all love is holy: while whatever some of them love, and others hate, is either both holy and unholy, or neither? Do you wish us to define holiness and unholiness in this manner?

Euth. Why not, Socrates?

Socr. There is no reason why I should not, Euthyphron. It is for you to consider whether that assumption will help you most in instructing me as you promised.

Euth. Well, I should say that holiness is what all the gods love, and, again, that unholiness is what the all hate.

Socr. Are we to examine this definition, Euthyphron, and see if it is a good one? or are we to let it pass unquestioned; and if either we ourselves, or any one else merely says that something is so, are we to acquiesce, or must we examine what the speaker says?

Euth. We must examine what he says. But for my part I think that the definition is right this time.

XII. *Socr.* We shall know that better in a little while
 10 good friend. Now consider this question. Do the
 gods love holiness because it is holy, or is it holy
 because they love it?

Euth. I do not understand you, Socrates.

Socr. I will try to explain myself: what is the nature of a thing being carried and carrying, and what is the nature of a
 5 led and

leading, and being seen and seeing ; and you understand that all such expressions mean different things, and what the difference is.

Euth. Yes, I think I understand.

Socr. And that which is loved is different from that which loves?

Euth. Of course.

Socr. Now tell me : is a thing which is carried in a state of being carried, because it is carried, or for some other reason ?

Euth. No, because it is carried.

Socr. And a thing is in a state of being led, because it is led, and of being seen, because it is seen ?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Then a thing is not seen because it is in a state of being seen ; it is in a state of being seen because it is seen : and a thing is not led because it is in a state of being led ; it is in a state of being led because it is led : and a thing is not carried because it is in a state of being carried ; it is in a state of being carried because it is carried. Is my meaning clear now, Euthyphron ? I mean this : if anything becomes, or is affected, it does not become because it is in a state of becoming ; it is in a state of becoming because it becomes : and it is not affected because it is in a state of being affected : it is in a state of being affected because it is affected. Do you not agree ?

Euth. I do.

Socr. Is not that which is loved in a state either of becoming or of being affected in some way by something ?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Then the same is true here as in the former cases. A thing is not loved by those who love it because it is in a state of being loved. It is in a state of being loved because they love it¹.

Euth. Necessarily.

Socr. Well, then, Euthyphron, what do we say about holiness? Is it not loved by all the gods, according to your definition?

Euth. Yes.

Socr. Because it is holy, or for some other reason?

Euth. No, because it is holy.

Socr. Then it is not holy because the gods love it: they love it because it is holy?

Euth. It seems so.

Socr. But then what is pleasing to the gods is pleasing to them, and is in a state of being loved by them because they love it?

Euth. Of course.

Socr. Then holiness is not what is pleasing to the gods, and what is pleasing to the gods is not holy, as you say, Euthyphron. They are different things.

Euth. And why, Socrates?

Socr. Because we are agreed that the gods love holiness because it is holy: and that it is not holy because they love it. Is not this so?

Euth. Yes.

XIII. *Socr.* And that what is pleasing to the gods because they love it is pleasing to them by reason of

¹ i.e. the act precedes the state.

this same love : and that they do not love it because it is pleasing to them.

Euth. True.

Socr. Then, my dear Euthyphron, holiness, and what is pleasing to the gods, are different. If the gods love holiness because it is holy, they will also love what is pleasing to them because it is pleasing to them ; but if what is pleasing to them, is so because they love it, then holiness too will be holiness, because they love it. But now you see that they are opposite things, and wholly different from each other. For the one¹ is of a sort to be loved because it is loved : while the other² is loved, because it is of a sort to be loved. So it seems, Euthyphron, that when I asked you, what is holiness, you would not show me the essence of holiness ; you only mentioned an attribute which belongs to it, namely, that all the gods love it. You have not yet explained what is its essence. Do not, if you please, hide from me what holiness is ; begin again and tell me that. Never mind whether the gods love it, or whether it has other attributes : we shall not differ on that point. Give your mind to the question and tell me what is holiness and what is unholiness.

Euth. But, Socrates, I really don't know how to express what is in my mind. Whatever we propose somehow always comes round in a circle, and will not stay where we place it.

Socr. I think that your words, Euthyphron, are like the statues of my ancestor Dædalus. If your propositions had been mine I dare say you would

¹ What is pleasing to the gods.

² What is holy.

have made fun of me, and said that it was the consequence of my descent from Dædalus that my reasonings, like his statues, run away, and will not stay where they are placed. But, as it is, the definitions are yours, and the jest does not apply; for you yourself see that they will not stay still.

Euth. Nay, Socrates, I think that the jest is applicable enough to our words. It is not my fault that the definition goes round in a circle and will not stay still. But you are the Dædalus, I think: as far as I am concerned, my definitions would have stayed quiet enough.

Socr. Then, my friend, I must be more skilful in the art than Dædalus: he only used to make his own works move; whereas I, you see, can make other people's move, too. And then the finest thing about it is that I am wise against my will. I had rather that our reasoning had remained firm than have all the wisdom of Dædalus with all the riches of Tantalus to boot. But enough of this. I will do all I can to help you to explain to me about holiness: for I think you are indolent. Please do not tire before we finish. Do you not think that all holiness must be just?

Euth. I do.

Socr. Well, then, is all justice holy, too? Or, while all holiness is just, is only some justice holy, and some justice something else?

Euth. I do not follow you, Socrates.

Socr. Yet you have the advantage over me in youth no less than in wisdom. But, as I say, the wealth of your wisdom makes you indolent. Exert

yourself, my good friend: I am not asking you a difficult question. I mean the opposite of what the poet¹ said, when he wrote:—

‘Thou wilt not name Zeus the creator, who made all things: for where there is fear there also is reverence.’

Now I disagree with the poet. Shall I tell you why?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. I do not think it true to say that where there is fear there also is reverence. Many people who fear sickness and poverty and other such evils, seem to me to have fear, but no reverence for what they fear. Do you not think so?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. But I think that where there is reverence, there also is fear. Is there any one who feels reverence and a sense of shame about anything, who does not also dread and fear the character of baseness?

Euth. No: he certainly dreads it.

Socr. Then it is not right to say that where there is fear, there also is reverence; though there is fear where there is reverence. Fear, I take it, is wider than reverence; and so reverence does not always accompany fear. It is a part of fear, just as the odd is a part of number, so that where you have the odd, you must also have number, though the converse is not true. Now I think you follow me?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Well, then, the question which I was asking you before was like this: is there always holiness where there is justice? or, while there is always justice where there is holiness, yet there is not always holiness

¹ Stasinus.

where there is justice, for holiness is a part of justice?

Shall we say this, or do you differ?

XIV. *Euth.* No: I agree. I think that you are right.

Socr. Now observe the next point. If holiness is a part of justice, we have to find out what part of justice it is, have we not? Now, if you had asked me just now, for instance, what part of number is the odd, and what number is an odd number, I should have said that whatever number is not even, is an odd number. Is it not so?

Euth. Yes.

Socr. Then 'see if you can explain to me what part of justice is holiness, that I may tell Meletus to cease from wronging me and from indicting me for impiety, because now I have learnt clearly enough from you what actions are pious and holy and what are not.

Euth. Well then, Socrates, it seems to me that piety and holiness are that part of justice which has to do with the care which we pay to the gods: and that what has to do with the care which we pay to men is the remaining part of justice.

XV. *Socr.* And I think your answer is a good one,

13 *Euthyphron.* But there is one little point, of which I still want to hear more. I do not yet understand what care you are speaking of. I suppose you do not mean that the care which we show to the gods is like the care which we show to other things. We say, do we not, for instance, that not every one knows how to take care of horses, but only he who understands horses?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. For I think the art of managing horses means the care of horses.

Euth. Yes.

Socr. And not every one understands the care of dogs, but only the huntsman.

Euth. True.

Socr. For I think the huntsman's art means the care of dogs.

Euth. Yes.

Socr. And the herdsman's art means the care of cattle.

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. And you say that holiness and piety mean the care of the gods, Euthyphron?

Euth. I do.

Socr. Well, then, has not all care the same result? Is it not for the good and benefit of that on which it is bestowed? for instance, you see that horses are benefited and improved when they are cared for by the art which concerns them. Is it not so?

Euth. Yes; I think so.

Socr. And dogs are benefited and improved by the huntsman's art, and oxen by the herdsman's, are they not? And the same is always true. Or do you think the care is for the hurt of that on which it is spent?

Euth. No indeed; certainly not.

Socr. But for the benefit?

Euth. Of course.

Socr. Then is holiness, which is the care which we pay to the gods, for the benefit of the gods? Does it improve them? Should you allow that you make any of the gods better, when you do an holy action?

Euth. No indeed; certainly not.

Socr. No: I am sure that that is not your meaning, Euthyphron: it was for that reason that I asked you what you meant by the care of the gods. I thought you did not mean that.

Euth. You were right, Socrates. I do not mean that.

Socr. Good. Then what care of the gods will holiness be?

Euth. The care, Socrates, of slaves to their masters.

Socr. I understand: then it is a kind of service to the gods?

Euth. Certainly.

XVI. *Socr.* Can you tell me what result the art which serves a doctor tends to produce? Is it not health?

Euth. Yes.

Socr. And what result does the art which serves a ship-wright tend to produce?

Euth. A ship, of course, Socrates.

Socr. The result of the art which serves a builder is a house, is it not?

Euth. Yes.

Socr. Then tell me, my excellent friend: What result will the art which serves the gods tend to produce? You must know, seeing that you say that you know more about divine things than any man.

Euth. Well, that is true, Socrates.

Socr. Then tell me, I beseech you, what is that magnificent result which the gods use our services to produce?

Euth. They produce many fine results, Socrates.

you can easily summarise them and say that he gains victory in war, can you not?

Euth. Of course.

Socr. And, I take it, the husbandman gains many fine results; yet you can summarise them all and say that he makes the earth produce food.

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Well, then, how would you summarise the many fine results which the gods produce?

Euth. I told you just now, Socrates, that it is not so easy to learn the truth in all these matters accurately. However broadly I say this: if any man knows that his words and deeds in prayer and sacrifice are acceptable to the gods, that is what is holy: that preserves the state as well as private houses; but the opposite of what is acceptable to the gods is impious, and this it is that brings ruin and destruction on all things.

Socr. Certainly, Euthyphron, if you had wished, you could have answered my question broadly in far fewer words. But you are not anxious to instruct me: just now, when you were just on the point of telling me what I want to know, you stopped short; though, if you had gone on, I should have learnt from you clearly enough by this time what is holiness. But now I am asking you questions, and must follow wherever you lead me; so tell me, what do you mean by the holy and holiness? Do you not mean a science of prayer and sacrifice?

Euth. I do.

Socr. To sacrifice is to give to the gods, and to

XVII.

Euth. It is, Socrates.

Socr. Then it follows that holiness is the science of asking of the gods, and giving to them?

Euth. You understand my meaning exactly, Socrates.

Socr. Yes, for I am eager to learn your wisdom, Euthyphron, and so I am all attention: nothing that you say will fall to the ground. But tell me, what is this service of the gods? You say it is to ask of them, and to give to them?

Euth. I do.

XYIII. *Socr.* Then, to ask rightly will be to ask of them what we stand in need of from them, will it not?

Euth. Naturally.

Socr. And again, to give rightly will be to give back to them what they stand in need of from us? It would hardly be skilful to make a present to a man of what he has no need of.

Euth. True, Socrates.

Socr. Then, holiness, Euthyphron, will be an art of traffic between gods and men?

Euth. Yes, if you like to call it so.

Socr. Nay, I like nothing but the truth. But tell me, how are the gods benefited by the gifts which they
15 receive from us? What they give us is plain enough. Every good thing that we have is their gift. But how are they benefited by what we give them? Have we the advantage over them in this traffic so much that we receive from them all the good things we possess and give them nothing in return?

Euth. And do you think, Socrates, that the gods are benefited by the gifts which they receive from us?

Socr. If not, Euthyphron, what *are* these gifts, that we give the gods?

Euth. What do you think but honour, and homage, and as I have said, what is acceptable to them.

Socr. Then holiness, Euthyphron, is acceptable to the gods, but neither profitable, nor dear to them?

Euth. I think that nothing is dearer to them.

Socr. Then I see that holiness means that which is dear to the gods.

Euth. Most certainly.

Socr. Shall you wonder, when you say that, to find that your statements move about, instead of staying where you set them? Shall you charge me with being the Dædalus that makes them move, when you yourself are far more skilful than Dædalus was, and make them go round in a circle? Do you not see that our definition has come completely round? Surely you remember that we have already found that holiness, and what is pleasing to the gods, are quite different things. Do you not remember?

Euth. I do.

Socr. And now do you not see that you say that what the gods love is holy? But does not what the gods love come to the same thing as what is pleasing to the gods?

Euth. Certainly.

Socr. Then either our former conclusion was wrong, or, if that was right, we are wrong now.

Euth. So it seems.

Socr. Then we have to begin again, and enquire what is holiness. I do not mean to give in till I discover that. Please do not despise me; give your

whole mind to the question, and this time tell me the truth. For if anyone knows, it is you, and I must keep you here, like Proteus, until you have told me. It cannot be that you would ever have undertaken to indict your aged father for the murder of a labouring man unless you had known clearly what is holiness and unholiness. You would have feared to risk the anger of the gods in case you should be doing wrong, and you would have been afraid of what men would say. But now I know you think that you know clearly what is holiness and what is not: so tell me, my excellent Euthyphron, what you hold it to be, without reserve.

Euth. Another time, then Socrates. I am in a hurry now, and it is time for me to be off.

Socr. What are you doing, my friend! Will you go away, and destroy all my hopes of learning from you what is holy and what is not, and so of escaping Meletus? I meant to explain to him that now Euthyphron has made me wise in divine things, and that I no longer in my ignorance speak lightly of them or introduce novelties in them; and then I was going to promise him to live a better life in the future.

THE APOLOGY.

CHARACTERS.

SOCRATES.

MELETUS.

SCENE.—The Court of Justice.

THE APOLOGY.

Socr. HOW you Athenians have been impressed CHAP. I.
by my accusers, I cannot tell : for myself I know that Steph.
they nearly made me forget who I was, so plausible p. 17.
were they ; and yet they have scarcely spoken a
word of truth. But of all their falsehoods one
amazed me most : I mean when they said that you
must be careful not to let me mislead you, for I was
a clever speaker. I thought that nothing was more
impudent of them than to have the face to talk like
that ; for my real speech will give them the lie
directly, and prove that I am not a clever speaker
in any way at all : unless, indeed, they call the man
who speaks the truth a clever speaker. If they mean
that, I should agree that I am such an orator as not
one of them is. My accusers, then, I repeat, have
scarcely uttered a word of truth ; but from me you
shall hear the whole truth. Certainly you will not
hear a prepared speech, drest up, like theirs, with
words and phrases : I will say to you what I have to
say without preparation and in the words which come
first ; for I believe that my cause is just ; so let none
of you expect anything else. Indeed it would hardly
be seemly for me to come before you at my age, like
a young man with his specious falsehoods. But I
most earnestly beg you to grant me one thing. Do

not be surprised, and do not interrupt if you hear me speak in my defence in just the same way that I am wont to speak in the market-place, at the tables of the money-changers, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere. The truth is this. I am seventy years old, and this is the first time that I have ever come before a Court of Law; so I am quite strange to your manner of speech here. Had I been really a stranger, you would have excused me
 18 for speaking in my native language and in the fashion of my own country: and so now I ask you to grant me what I think is a piece of justice. Never mind the manner of my speech—it may be better or it may be worse—give your whole attention to the question, Is my cause just or not? To do that is the excellence of a judge: of an orator, it is to speak the truth.

- II. I have to defend myself Athenians, first against the charges of my old accusers, and then against the later ones. For many men have been accusing me to you, and for very many years, without a word of truth; and I fear them more than Anytus and his companions, though they are dangerous too. But, my friends, those others are more dangerous still; for they got hold of most of you when you were children, and they have been more persistent in their false accusations, and in trying to persuade you that there is one Socrates, a wise man, who speculates about the heavens, and examines into things beneath the earth, and who 'can' 'make the worse appear the better reason'.¹ These men, Athenians, who spread abroad this report, are the accusers whom I fear: for their

¹ Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 113

hearers think that men who pursue such inquiries do not believe in the existence of the gods. And then they are many, and their attacks have been going on for a long time: and they spoke to you when you were at the age most readily to believe them; for you were all young, and most of you were children: and they attacked me behind my back, when there was no one to answer them. But the most unreasonable thing of all is that I do not even know their names; I cannot tell you who they are except in the case of the comic poets¹. But all the rest, who first persuaded themselves against me, and then with their malice and calumnies tried to persuade you against me, are the enemies whom it is hardest to meet. For I cannot bring any one of them forward to cross-question him: I have, as it were, simply to fight with shadows, and defend myself and put questions, which no one answers. Do you too then grant me that I have been attacked by two classes of accusers, first by Meletus and his friends, and then by those other older ones. And with your leave I will defend myself first against my older enemies; for you heard their accusations first, and much oftener than those of my present accusers.

Well, I must make my defence, Athenians, and try in this short time to remove the prejudice against me¹⁰ which you have had for a long time. I hope that I may do this, if it be good for you and for me, and that my defence may be successful: but I am quite

¹ Aristophanes had attacked Socrates in 'the Clouds,' B.C. 423 (see Introduction), and doubtless he is chiefly meant. Eupolis, and very probably Ameipsias, had made similar attacks on Socrates.

aware of the nature of my task, and I know it is a difficult one. However let the result be as the God wills: I must obey the law, and make my defence.

III. Let us begin again, then, and see what is the charge which has given rise to this prejudice against me, in which Meletus trusted when he drew his indictment. What is the false charge which my slanderers used to make against me? I must read their deposition, as though they were formally accusing me. 'Socrates is an evil-doer, who is over busy in investigating things beneath the earth and in heaven and who "makes the worse appear the better reason"; and who teaches others these same things.' Their charge is something like that: and in the Comedy of Aristophanes¹ you yourselves saw a man called Socrates carried round in a basket, saying that he walked the air, and talking a great deal of nonsense about matters of which I understand nothing, either more or less. I do not mean to disparage that kind of knowledge, if any man is wise in it.* I trust Meletus may never prosecute me for that. But, the truth is, Athenians, I have nothing to do with these matters: and almost all of you are yourselves my witnesses of this. I beg all of you who have ever heard me converse, and they are many, to inform your neighbours, and tell them if any of you ever heard me converse about these matters, either more or less. That will show you that the other common stories about me are as false as this one.

IV. But, the truth is, all these stories are false: and if you have heard that I try to educate men, and

¹ 'The Clouds.'

exact money for doing so, that is false too: though I think it is a fine thing to be able to educate men as Gorgias of Leontini, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis do. For they, my friends, can go into any city and persuade the young men to leave the society of their fellow citizens, where they might choose their society and have it for nothing, and to be thankful to be allowed to pay money to converse with them. And I am told that there is another wise man from Paros residing in Athens at this moment. I happened to meet Callias the son of Hipponicus, a man who has spent more money on the sophists than every one else put together. So I said to him—he has two sons—Callias, if your two sons had been foals or calves, we could have hired a trainer for them, and he would have made them perfect in their proper excellence. He would have been either a groom or a farmer. But as it is they are men: so whom do you intend to take to train them? who has knowledge of the excellence which belongs to men and of citizens? I suppose you must have thought of this, because you have sons. Is there such a person, said I, or not? Certainly, there is, he replied. Who is he, said I, and where does he come from? what is his charge? His name is Evenus, Socrates, he replied: he comes from Paros, and his charge is five minæ. Then I thought that if Evenus really has this art, and can teach so cleverly, he is a fortunate person. If I had had knowledge of that kind, I should have given myself airs, and prided myself on it. But, Athenians, the truth is, I have it not.

Perhaps some of you may reply: But, Socrates, v.

what is this pursuit of yours? whence come these calumnies against you? You say that your pursuits were not unusual : but surely all this talk and report about you has not arisen without your being busy on something out of the common. So tell us what your pursuits are, that we may not give our verdict in the dark. I think that this question is a fair one : and I will try and explain to you what it is that has raised these calumnies against me and given me this name. Listen then : I assure you I will tell you the whole truth, though perhaps I shall seem to some of you to be jesting. I have gained this name, Athenians, simply by reason of a certain wisdom. What kind of wisdom is it? It is just that wisdom which is perhaps possible to men. In this, it may be, I am really wise. But the men of whom I was speaking just now, must be wise in a wisdom which is greater than human wisdom. I know not what to call it, for certainly I know nothing of it myself, and if any man says that I do, he lies, and wants to slander me. Do not interrupt me, Athenians, even if I seem arrogant. What I am going to say is not my own : I will tell you who says it, and he is worthy of your credit. I will bring the God of Delphi to be witness of my wisdom, if such it be, and of its nature. You remember Chærephon. From youth upwards he was my comrade ; and he accompanied the people into exile¹, and with the people he returned. And you know too Chærephon's character : how vehement he was in pursuing all his ends. Once he went to Delphi

¹ At the time of the oligarchy of the Thirty, 404 B.C. (see Introduction).

and ventured to put this question to the oracle,—I beg you again, my friends, not to interrupt,—he asked if there was any man wiser than I was: and the priestess answered that there was no man. He himself is dead, but his brother will confirm the truth of what I say.

Now see why I tell you this. I am going to explain VI. to you the origin of the prejudice against me. When I heard of the oracle I began to reflect, What can the God mean by this dark saying? certainly I know well that I am not wise either more or less. Then what can he mean by saying that I am the wisest of men? It cannot be that he is speaking falsely, for he is a god and cannot lie. And for a long time I was at a loss to understand his meaning: then, very reluctantly, I turned to seek for it in this manner. I went to a man who seemed wise: thinking that there, if anywhere, I should prove the answer wrong, and be able to say to the oracle, 'You said that I am the wisest of men; but this man is wiser than I am.' So I examined him—I need not tell you his name, he was a public man, but this was the result, Athenians. When I conversed with him, I came to see that, though many persons, and chiefly he himself, thought that he was wise, yet he was not wise. And then I tried to show him that he was not wise, though he fancied that he was; and by that I gained his hatred, and the hatred of many of the bystanders. So when I went away, I thought to myself, 'I am wiser than this man: neither of us probably knows anything that is really good, but he thinks that he has knowledge, when he has it not, while I, seeing that I have no knowledge,

do not think that I have.' In this point, at least, I seem to be a little wiser than he is; I do not think that I know what I do not know. Next I went to another man, who seemed to be still wiser, with just the same result. And there again I gained his hatred and the hatred of many other men.

VII. Then I went on to one man after another, seeing that I was gaining their hatred, and in grief and fear at it: still I thought that I must set the God's command above everything. So I had to go to every man who seemed to have any knowledge, and search for the meaning of the oracle: and, Athenians, I must tell you the truth; verily, by the dog of Egypt, this was the result. It seemed to me, in the search which the God commanded me, that the men in greatest repute were almost the most wanting in wisdom, while others who were thought less of were much the better men. Now I must describe to you the wanderings which I undertook, like so many Heracleian labours, to make full proof of the oracle. After the public men I went to the poets, tragic, dithyrambic, and others, thinking there to find myself manifestly more ignorant than they. So I took up the poems on which I thought that they had spent most pains, and asked them what they meant wishing also for instruction. I am ashamed to tell you the truth, my friends, but I must say it. In short, almost any of the bystanders would have spoken better about the works of these poets than the poets themselves. So I soon found that it is not by wisdom that the poets create their works, but by a certain natural power, and by inspiration, like soothsayers.

and prophets: for though such persons say many fine things, they know nothing of what they say. And the poets seemed to me to be in a like case. And at the same time I perceived that, because of their poetry, they thought that they were the wisest of men in other matters too, which they were not. So I went away again, thinking that I had the same advantage over them as over the public men.

Finally I went to the artisans: for I was conscious, VIII.
in a word, that I had no knowledge at all, and I was sure that I should find that they knew many fine things. And in that I was not mistaken. They knew what I did not know, and so far they were wiser than I. But, Athenians, it seemed to me that the skilled craftsmen made the same mistake as the poets. Each of them claimed to have great wisdom in the highest matters because he was skilful in his own art; and this fault of theirs threw their real wisdom into the shade. So I asked myself on behalf of the oracle whether I would choose to remain as I was, neither wise in their wisdom nor ignorant in their ignorance, or to have both, as they had them. And I made answer to myself and to the oracle that it were better for me to remain as I was.

This search, Athenians, has gained me much hatred IX.
of a very fierce and bitter kind, which has caused 23
many false accusations against me; and I am called by the name of wise. For the bystanders always think that I am wise myself in any matter wherein I convict another man of ignorance. But in truth, my friends, perhaps it is God who is wise: and by this oracle he may have meant that man's wisdom is worth little or

nothing. He did not mean, I think, that Socrates is wise : he only took me as an example, and made use of my name, as though he would say to men : 'He among you is wisest, who, like Socrates, is convinced that for wisdom he is verily worthless.' And therefore I still go about scarching and testing every man whom I think wise, whether he be a citizen or a stranger, according to the word of the God ; and whenever I find that he is not wise, I point that out to him in the service of the God. And I am so busy in this pursuit that I have never had leisure to take any part worth mentioning in public matters, or to look after my private affairs. I am in very great poverty by my service to the God.

- X. And besides this, the young men who follow me about, who are the sons of wealthy persons and with much leisure, by nature delight in hearing men cross-questioned : and they often imitate me among themselves : then they try their hand at cross-questioning other people. And, I imagine, they find a great abundance of men who think that they know a great deal, when in truth they know little or nothing. And then the persons who are cross-questioned are angry with me instead of with themselves : and say that Socrates is an abominable fellow who corrupts the young. And when they are asked, Why, what does he do? what does he teach? they have nothing to say ; but, not to seem at a loss, they repeat the stock charges against all philosophers, and say that he investigates things in the air and under the earth, and that he teaches people to disbelieve in the gods, and "to make the worst appear the better reason." For I fancy they

would not like to confess the truth, that they are shown up as mere ignorant pretenders to knowledge. And so they have filled your ears with their fierce slanders for a long time, for they are zealous and fierce, and numerous: they are well-disciplined too, and plausible in speech. On these grounds Meletus and Anytus and Lycon have attacked me. Meletus is angry with me for the poets, and Anytus for the artizans and the public men, and Lycon for the orators. And so, as I said at the beginning, I should 24 be surprised if I were able in so short a time to remove this prejudice of yours which has grown so great. What I have told you, Athenians, is the truth: I neither conceal nor suppress anything, small or great. And yet I know that it is just this plainness of speech which raises enmity against me. But that itself is a proof that my words are true, and that the prejudice against me, and the causes of it, are as I have said. And whether you look for them now or hereafter you will find them so.

. What I have said must suffice as my defence against XI. the charges of my first accusers. Now I will try and defend myself against Meletus, that good and patriotic man, as he calls himself, and my later accusers. Let us take their deposition, just as if they were a new set of accusers. It runs in this manner: 'Socrates is an evil-doer, who corrupts the youth, and who does not believe in the gods whom the city believes in, but in other new divinities.' That is the charge: let us examine each point of it separately. Meletus says that I am an evil-doer for corrupting the youth: but

playing a solemn jest by bringing men lightly to trial, and pretending to have a great zeal and interest in matters on which he has never spent a thought. And now I will try to show you that it is so.

XII. Come here, Meletus. Is it not a fact that you hold it of great consequence that the younger men should be as excellent as possible?

Meletus. It is.

Socrates. Come then : tell the Court, who is it who improves them? Of course you know, seeing that you have thought about the matter. You have discovered their corrupter, as you say, and therefore you accuse me and bring me to trial. Come now, inform the Court who improves the youth. You see, Meletus, you have nothing to say; you are silent. But don't you think that this is a scandalous thing? Is not your silence conclusive proof of what I say, that you have never spent a thought on the matter? Come, tell us, my good sir, who makes the young men better citizens?

Mel. The laws.

Socr. My excellent sir, that is not my question. What man improves them, who first has himself knowledge of the laws?

Mel. The judges here, Socrates.

Socr. What do you mean, Meletus? Can they educate the young and improve them?

Mel. Certainly.

Socr. All of them? or only some of them?

Mel. All of them.

Socr. By Hêrê that is good news! There is a great
25 abundance of benefactors. But now, do the listeners

Mel. They do.

Socr. But do the senators?

Mel. Yes.

Socr. Well then, Meletus; the members of the assembly, do they corrupt the younger men? or do they again all improve them?

Mel. They do so too.

Socr. Then all the Athenians apparently make the young perfect except me, and I alone corrupt them. Is this your meaning?

Mel. Most certainly; that is my meaning.

Socr. It is a great misfortune of mine that you have discovered. Now tell me: do you think that the case is the same with horses? Does one man do them harm, and every one else improve them? On the contrary, cannot only one man, or very few, improve them, namely those who are skilled in horses; while the majority of men harm horses, if they have to do with them, and use them? Is it not so, Meletus, both with horses and with every other animal? Of course it is, whether you and Anytus say yes, or no. And certainly it would be a great piece of fortune for the youth if only one man corrupted them, and every one else did them good. The truth is, Meletus, you show conclusively that you have never thought of the youth at all: you prove clearly that you are quite careless in the matter for which you are prosecuting me.

Now, please tell us, Meletus, can one live better XIII.
among good citizens, or bad ones? Answer, my friend: my question is not at all difficult. Do not bad citizens always do harm to their neighbours, and good citizens good?

Mel. Certainly.

Socr. Would any man rather be injured than benefited by his companions? Answer, my good sir: you are bound by law to answer. Does any one like to be harmed?

Mel. Certainly not.

Socr. Well then: when you prosecute me, do you mean that I corrupt the youth and make them worse men intentionally or unintentionally?

Mel. I mean intentionally.

Socr. What, Meletus? Then are you so much wiser than I am, though you are so much younger? Do you see that the bad citizens always do evil, and the good citizens good to those with whom they come in contact; while I am so strangely stupid as not to know that if I make any of my companions a rogue he will probably injure me? And then you say that I commit this crime intentionally! You will not make me believe that, Meletus, nor any other man either, I should think. Either I do not corrupt the
26 young at all, or if I do, I do so unintentionally: so your statement is false on both points. If I corrupt them unintentionally, the law does not tell you to bring a man hither for involuntary offences like that: you should take me aside and admonish and instruct me: for of course I shall cease from doing wrong which is involuntary if I know it to be wrong. But you declined to instruct me: you would have nothing to do with me: you bring me here instead, where it is the law to bring persons who need not instruction but punishment.

XIV. The truth is, Athenians, as I said, it is quite clear

that Meletus has never paid the least attention to these matters. However, now tell us, Meletus, how do you say that I corrupt the younger men? Clearly, according to your indictment, by teaching them not to acknowledge the gods whom the city acknowledges, but other new divinities instead. You mean that I corrupt the youth by that teaching, do you not?

Mel. Yes; most certainly: I mean that.

Socr. Then, in the name of these gods of whom we are speaking explain yourself rather more clearly to me, and to the Court. I cannot understand your charge. Do you mean that I teach young men to acknowledge some gods, though not those of the city? Is that your charge, that I am a setter forth of new gods? If so, I myself believe in the existence of some gods, and my crime is not that of absolute atheism. Or do you mean that I do not believe in gods at all myself, and that I teach others not to believe in them either?

Mel. I mean that you do not believe in gods in any way whatever.

Socr. Wonderful Meletus! why do you say that? Do you mean that I believe neither the sun nor the moon to be gods, like other men?

Mel. I swear he does not, judges: he says that the sun is a stone, and the moon earth.

Socr. My dear Meletus, do you think that you are accusing Anaxagoras? You must have a poor opinion of the judges if you think them so unlearned as not to know that the works of Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ are full of these doctrines. And so young men learn these things from me, when they can often

buy places in the theatre¹ for a drachma at most, and laugh at Socrates, if he pretends to be the author of these doctrines which are so peculiar. But, please tell me, do you really think that I do not believe in the existence of the gods?

Mel. Most certainly I do. You have no belief at all.

Socr. No one believes that Meletus, and you know it to be a lie, I think. It seems to me, Athenians, that Meletus is a very insolent and wanton man, and that he brings this indictment simply in the insolence and wantonness of youth. He is like a man asking
27 a riddle that has no answer: Will this wise Socrates see that I am jesting and contradicting myself? or shall I deceive him and every one who hears me? He appears to me to contradict himself in his indictment: it is as though he were to say, 'Socrates is a wicked man who believes in the gods and does not believe in the gods.' But that is mere fooling.

xv. Now, my friends, let us see why I think that this is his meaning. Do you answer us, Meletus: and do you, Athenians, remember the request which I made at starting, not to interrupt me if I speak in my accustomed manner.

Is there any man, Meletus, who believes in the existence of human things and not in the existence of men? Make him give a plain answer to the question,

¹ He alludes to the caricatures of Anaxagoras by Aristophanes and other comic poets, and to tragedians like Euripides, who borrowed the ideas of Anaxagoras and served them up in their dramas. The doctrine that the sun is a stone is referred to in an extant play, Eurip. Or. 975. It must be remembered that only a very small proportion of Greek dramas have come down to us.

my friends, without these interruptions. Is there any man who believes in the existence of the things of horses, and not in the existence of horses? or in flute-playing, and not in flute-players? There is not, my excellent sir. If you refuse to answer, I will tell both you and the Court that. But you must answer my next question. Is there any man who believes in divine agencies and not in divinities?

Mel. There is not.

Socr. How glad I am that the Court has got you to answer by main force. Well then, you say that I believe in divine agencies, whether they be old or new ones, and teach others to believe in them: at any rate I believe in divine agencies according to your statement. That you state on oath in your deposition. But if I believe in divine agencies, I suppose it follows necessarily that I believe in divinities. Is it not so? It is. I put you down as granting it, as you do not answer. But do we not hold that divinities are either gods themselves, or the children of the gods? Do you grant this?

Mel. Certainly.

Socr. Well then, you admit that I believe in divinities: now if these divinities are gods, then, as I say, you are jesting and asking a riddle, and affirming that I do not believe in the gods, though I do believe in them. But if these divinities are the illegitimate children of the gods, either by the nymphs or by other mothers, as they are said to be, then what man would believe in the existence of the children of the gods, and not in the existence of the gods? That would be as strange as if a man were to believe in

the existence of the offspring of horses and asses, without believing in the existence of horses and asses. You must have indicted me in this manner, Meletus, either to test my skill, or because you did not know what misdeed to accuse me of truly. But you will never contrive to persuade any one, even of the smallest understanding, that a man can believe in
28 divine things, and things of the gods, and yet not believe in divinities, and in the gods and in heroes.

XVI. But in truth, Athenians, I think I need not say much to show that I do not do the wrong which Meletus indicts me for. What I have said is enough for that. But rest assured that I told the truth when I said that I have gained much hatred from many men. And that is what will destroy me, if I am destroyed: not Meletus nor Anytus either, but the prejudice and jealousy of the multitude. They have destroyed many other good men before this, and I think that they will do so again. There is no fear that I shall be the last.

Perhaps some one will say: 'Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of following pursuits, which are likely now to cause your death?' I should make him a just reply, and say: 'My friend, you do not speak well, if you think that a man of any worth at all should give any weight to the chances of life and death, and that he ought in his actions to regard anything but the question whether he is acting rightly or wrongly, and as a good or a bad man would act. According to you all the demigods who died at Troy would be worthless men, and especially the son of Thetis. He thought nothing of danger when the alternative was disgrace. For when his mother, a goddess, spoke to him, as he

was burning to slay Hector, I suppose in this fashion, 'My son, if thou avengest the death of thy comrade Patroclus, and slayest Hector, thou wilt die thyself, for "fate awaits thee straightway after Hector's death ;"' he heard what she said, but scorned danger and death : he feared much more to live a coward, and not to avenge his friends : 'Let me punish the evil-doer and straightway die,' he said, 'that I may not remain here by the beaked ships, a scorn of men, encumbering the earth¹.' Do you suppose that he thought of danger and death ? For in truth, Athenians, wherever a man's post is, whether he has chosen it for himself, or has been placed at it by his commander, there, to my mind, it is his duty to remain and face the danger, without thinking either of death or of anything else except disgrace.

When the generals whom you elected to command XVII.
me, Athenians, placed me at my post at Potidæa, and at Amphipolis, and at Delium, I remained where they placed me like other men, and faced the danger of death ; and it would be a monstrous action on my part if now, when the God commands me, as I am persuaded he does, to spend my life in philosophy and 20
in examining myself and others, I were to desert my post from fear of death or of any other thing. That would surely be a monstrous thing : and then certainly I might with justice be brought to trial for not believing in the gods : for I should be disobeying the oracle and fearing death, and thinking myself wise when I am not wise. For to fear death, my friends, is only to think ourselves wise without being wise : for

¹ Hom. Il. xviii. 96, 98.

it is to think that we know what we do not know. For aught that we can tell death may be the greatest good that can come to men: but they fear it as if they knew that it was the greatest of evils. And what is this but the shameful ignorance of thinking that we know what we know not? It is in this point, my friends, that I am perhaps better than the mass of men: and if I were to claim to be at all wiser than others, it would be because, not having clear knowledge of the other world, I do not think that I have. But I know well that it is evil and base to do wrong and to disobey my better, whether he be man or god. And I will never choose what I know to be evil, and fear and fly from what may possibly be a good. And so, even if you acquit me now, and do not listen to Anytus' argument that I ought never to have been brought to trial, if I was to be acquitted; and that as it is, you are bound to put me to death, because if I were to escape, all your children would forthwith be utterly corrupted by practising what Socrates teaches: if you were therefore to say to me, 'Socrates, this time we will not listen to Anytus: we will let you go: but on this condition, that you cease from carrying on this search, and from philosophy: if you are found doing that again, you shall die:' I say, if you offered to let me go on these terms, I should reply:— 'Athenians, I hold you in the highest regard and love; but I will obey the God rather than you: and as long as I have breath and power I will not cease from philosophy, and from exhorting you and setting forth the truth to any of you whom I meet, saying as

Athens, a city very great and very famous for wisdom and power of mind: are you not ashamed of caring so much for the making of money, and for reputation and honour? Will you not spend thought or care on wisdom and truth and the perfecting of your soul? And if he dispute my words, and say that he does care for these things, I shall not forthwith release him and go away: I shall question him and cross-examine him: and if I think that he has not virtue, though he says that he has, I shall reproach him for setting the least value on the most important things; and the greater value on the more worthless. This 30 shall I do to every one whom I meet, old or young, citizen or stranger; but especially to the citizens, for they are more nearly akin to me. For know well, the God commands me so to do. And I think that nothing better has ever happened to you in your city than my service to the God. For I spend my whole life in going about persuading you all, both young and old, to give your first and chiefest care to the perfection of your souls: and not till you have done that to care for your bodies or your wealth. I tell you, that virtue does not come from wealth, but that wealth and every other good, whether public or private, which men have, come from virtue. If then I corrupt the youth by this teaching, the mischief is great; but if any man says that I teach anything else, he speaks falsely. And therefore, Athenians, I say, either listen to Anytus, or do not listen to him: either acquit me, or do not acquit me: but be sure that I shall not alter my life; no, not if I have to die for it many times.

XVIII. Do not interrupt me, Athenians. Remember the request which I made to you, and listen to my words. I think that it will do you good to hear them. I have something more to say to you, at which perhaps you will cry out: but do not do that. Be sure that if you kill me, a man such as I say I am, you will harm yourselves more than you will harm me. Meletus and Anytus can do me no harm; that is impossible, for I do not think that God will allow a good man to be harmed by a bad one. They may indeed kill me, or drive me into exile, or deprive me of my civil rights; and perhaps Meletus and others think these things great evils. But I do not think so: I think that to do as he is doing, and to try to kill a man unjustly, is a much greater evil. And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake at all, as you might think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God and reject his gift to you, by condemning me. If you put me to death, you will hardly find another man to fill my place. The God has sent me to attack the city, if I may use a ludicrous simile, just as if it were a great and noble horse, which was rather sluggish from its size and needed a gadfly to rouse it: and I think that I am the gadfly that the God has set upon the city: for I never cease settling on you as it were at every point, and rousing, and exhorting, and reproaching each man of you all day
31 long. You will hardly find any one else, my friends, to fill my place: and, if you take my advice, you will spare my life. You are vexed, as sleepy persons are at being awakened, and of course, if you listened to Anytus, you could easily kill me with a single blow,

and then sleep on undisturbed for the rest of your lives, unless the God cared for you and sent another man to arouse you. And you may easily see that it is the God who gave me to your city: a mere human impulse would never have induced me to neglect my own affairs and endure seeing them neglected, now for so many years, while it made me busy myself in your interests, and go to each man of you by himself, like a father or elder brother, persuading him to care for virtue. There would have been a reason for it, if I had gained anything by this conduct, or if I had been paid for my exhortations; but you see yourselves that my accusers who accuse me of everything else without blushing, had not the effrontery to say that I ever either exacted or demanded payment. They could bring no evidence of that. And I think that my poverty is sufficient evidence of the truth of what I say.

Perhaps it seems strange that I am so busy in going XIX.
about in private with my advice, and yet that I do not venture to come forward in the assembly, and advise the state. You have often heard me speak of my reason for this, and in many places: it is that I have a certain divine sign from the gods, which is the divinity that Meletus caricatured in his indictment. I have had it from childhood; it is a kind of voice, which, when it speaks, always turns me back from whatever I am going to do, and never urges me to act. It is this which withstands my taking part in politics. And I think it does well so to withstand me. For be sure, Athenians, of this: had I attempted to take part in politics, I should have perished long ago, without

doing any good either to you or to myself. And do not be vexed with me for telling you the truth: for there is no man who will preserve his life, if he firmly opposes the people's will, either here or elsewhere, and tries to prevent many unjust and unlawful things
32 being done in the city. He who would really fight for justice, must do so as a private man, not in public, if he means to preserve his life even for a short time.

XX. I will offer you strong proof of this, not mere words, but, what you set great store by, deeds. Listen then to what has happened to me, that you may know that there is no man to whom I would bend to do injustice from the fear of death; but that rather than give way I would perish at once. What I am going to tell you may be common-place in the courts of law: nevertheless it is true. The only office I ever held, Athenians, was that of Senator. When you wished to try the ten generals, who did not rescue their men after the battle¹, in a body, which was against the law, as you all came to think afterwards, my tribe held the presidency. On that occasion I alone of all the presidents opposed your illegal action, and gave my vote against you. The speakers were ready to suspend me and arrest me: and you were clamouring against me, and crying out to me to submit. But I thought I ought to face the danger out in the cause of law and justice, rather than join with you in your unjust proposal, from fear of imprisonment or death. That was before the destruction of the democracy. When the oligarchy came, the

¹ Of Arginusæ, 406 B.C. (see Introduction, p. vi.)

thirty sent for me with four others to the Rotunda¹, and ordered us to bring over Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, that they might kill him. They were in the habit of giving similar orders to many others, wishing to implicate as many men as they could in their crimes. But then I showed, not by mere words, but by my action, that, if I may use a vulgar expression, I do not care a straw for death; but that I do care very much indeed not to do anything against the laws of men or God. That government with all its power did not terrify me into doing anything wrong: but when we left the Rotunda, the other four went over to Salamis, and brought Leon across; and I went away home: and if the rule of the Thirty had not been destroyed soon afterwards, I should very likely have been put to death for that. Many of you will bear me witness in this matter.

Now do you think that I should have remained alive XXI. for so many years if I had taken part in public affairs, and had always supported justice in the way that a good man should; and had held it, as I ought, to be of paramount importance? Certainly not, Athenians; nor any other man either. But throughout 33 my life, both in private, and in any public matter in which I have been engaged, you will always find me the same: never bending to any man at all to do wrong, not even to those whom my slanderers assert to be my pupils². But I was never a teacher of any man. If any one, old or young, desired to hear me

¹ A building where the Prytanes had their meals.

² The reference is especially to Critias, the leading man in the Oligarchy of Thirty, and to Alcibiades.

converse while I was about my mission, I never grudged it him. Nor do I converse for payment, and refuse to converse if I am not paid: I offer myself to rich and poor alike to ask questions: and if any man will answer me, and then listen to my reply, he may. And I cannot justly be charged with causing any of these men to turn out a good or a bad citizen: for I never either taught or professed to teach any of them any knowledge. And if any man asserts that he ever learnt or heard anything from me in private, which every one else did not hear as well, be sure he does not speak the truth.

XXII. Why is it then that people delight so much in my company? You have heard why, Athenians. I told you the whole truth when I said that they delight in hearing me examine persons who think that they are wise, when they are not. It is amusing enough to listen to that. And, I say, the God has commanded me so to do by oracles and by dreams and in every way in which the divine will was ever declared to man. This is the truth, Athenians; and if not, it is easily refuted. For if it be really true that I have already corrupted some of the young men and am now corrupting others, surely some of them, finding as they grew older that in their youth I had given them evil advice, would have come forward now to accuse me and take their revenge: or if they were unwilling to do so themselves, surely their kinsmen, fathers, or brothers, or other relatives, would have remembered the harm which I had done them. Certainly there are many of them in Court. Here is Crito,

of Critobulus: then there is Lysanias of Sphettus, the father of Æschinus: here is also Antiphon of Cephissus, the father of Epigenes. Then here are men whose brothers have spent their time in my company: Nicostratus the son of Theozotides, and brother of Theodotus—and Theodotus is dead, so he at least cannot intreat his brother to be silent: here is Paralus the son of Demodocus, and the brother of Theages: here is Adeimantus the son of 34 Ariston, whose brother is Plato here; and Æantodorus, whose brother is Apollodorus. And I could name many others to you. Meletus ought to have brought some of them as witnesses in the course of his own speech: but if he forgot then, let him bring them now—I will stand aside—and tell us if he has such evidence. No, on the contrary, my friends, you will find them all ready to support me, the corrupter, the injurer of their kindred, as Meletus and Anytus call me. Those who have been already corrupted might have some reason for supporting me: but what reason have the grown up relatives of these men, who are uncorrupted, for supporting me, except the reason of truth and justice, because they know very well that Meletus is a liar, and that I speak the truth?

Well, my friends, this, together it may be with other XXIII. things of the same nature, is pretty much what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps there is some one who will be irritated with me when he remembers how even in a less important suit than this he prayed and entreated the judges with many tears, and brought forward his children with many of his

friends and kindred in Court, to make men pity him; whereas I shall do none of these things, though I am in what he would think the supreme danger. Perhaps on noticing this he will harden himself against me: it may anger him, and he may give his vote in anger. Now if it is so with any of you—I do not suppose that it is, but in case it should be so—I think I should answer him fairly if I said: ‘My friend, I have kinsmen too: for, in the words of Homer¹, “I am not born of oak or of the rock,” but of man:’ and so, Athenians, I have kinsmen, and I have three sons, one of them a lad, and the other two still children. Yet I will not bring them forward in Court and implore you to acquit me. Now why will I do none of these things? Not from arrogance, Athenians, nor because I hold you cheap: whether I can face death bravely is another question: but for my own credit and for yours, and for the credit of our city, I do not think it well, at my age and with my name, to do anything of that kind. Rightly or wrongly, men have made up their minds that in some way Socrates is better than
35 the multitude. Now it will be a shameful thing if those of you who are thought eminent for wisdom or bravery, or any other excellence, are going to act in this way. I have often seen men with a reputation acting strangely at their trial, as if they would suffer a terrible thing if they were put to death, and as if they would live for ever if you did not kill them. Such men seem to me to bring discredit on the city: for any stranger would suppose

¹ Od. xix. 163.

that the most eminent Athenians who are selected by their fellow-citizens to hold office and for other honours, are no better than women. Those of us, Athenians, who have any reputation at all ought not to do these things: and you ought not to allow us to do them: you should show that you will be much more merciless to men who make the city ridiculous by these pitiful pieces of acting, than to men who remain quiet.

But, apart from the question of credit, my friends, XXIV.
I do not think it right to entreat the judge, nor to gain acquittal by entreaties: he should be convinced by argument. He does not sit to make a present of justice, but to give judgment: and he has sworn to judge according to law, not to favour the man whom he likes. And so we ought not to teach you to forswear yourselves: and you ought not to allow us to do so, for then neither of us would be acting righteously. Therefore, Athenians, do not require me to do these things, for I hold them to be neither good nor just nor holy, more especially now, when Meletus is indicting me for impiety. For were I to be successful, and to prevail on you by my prayers to break your oaths, I should be clearly teaching you to believe that there are no gods; and I should simply in my defence be accusing myself of not believing in them. But, Athenians, I do believe in the gods, as no one of my accusers believes in them: and to you and to God I commit my cause to be decided as is best for you and for me.

XXV. I am not vexed, Athenians, that you have con-
demned me, for many reasons. I expected that
you would condemn me; and I am not so much
surprised at that, as at the numbers of the votes:
for I never thought that the majority against me
would have been so narrow. But now I find that
if only thirty votes had changed sides, I should have
escaped. So I have escaped Melctus, as it is, I
think: and indeed more than escaped him, for it is
quite evident also that if Anytus and Lycon had
not come forward to accuse me, he would not have
got a fifth part of the votes, and would have had
to pay a thousand drachmas.

XXVI. So he proposes death as the penalty. Be it so.
And what penalty shall I propose to you, Athe-
nians? What I deserve, of course, must I not?
Well, what do I deserve to pay or to suffer, because
I took it into my head to deny myself rest all my life?
I neglected, it is true, what most men value, such as
money-making and family interests, and military
commands, and popular oratory, and all the offices
and clubs and factions of the city: I thought that
I was in truth too honest a man to preserve my life
if I engaged in these matters. So I did not go
where I should have done no good either to you
or to myself; but I went where I should do the
greatest of services, as I say, to each one of you
personally, and strove to persuade him not to take
any care for his affairs, before he took care for
himself, and tried to make himself as perfect and
wise as possible; and not to take care for the affairs
of the city, before he took care for the city; and

in all matters to bestow his care in the same manner.

Then what do I deserve for such a life? Something good, Athenians, if I am to propose really what I deserve; and something good which is suitable for me. Then what is suitable for a poor man, who is your benefactor, and who requires leisure for exhorting you? There is nothing, Athenians, more suitable for him than maintenance in the Prytaneum. It suits him much more than it suits any of you who has won a victory at the Olympic games with his horse or his chariot. Such a man only gives you an apparent happiness, but I give you the reality of it: and he is not in need of a maintenance, and I am. So if I am to propose the penalty which I really deserve, I propose this, maintenance in the Prytaneum. 37

Perhaps you think me stubborn and arrogant, in XXVII. what I am saying now, as in what I said about the prayers and tears. It is not so, Athenians: it is rather that I am convinced that I never wronged any man intentionally, though I cannot persuade you of this; for we have conversed together only a little time. But if there was a law at Athens, as there is elsewhere, not to decide a trial of life and death in one day, I think I should have persuaded you of it: but now it is not easy to clear myself of gross calumnies in so short a time. But being convinced that I never wronged any man, I shall certainly not wrong myself, or admit that I deserve any evil, or propose any evil for myself as a penalty. Why should I? For fear I should suffer the penalty which

Meletus proposes when I say that I do not know whether it is a good or an evil? Shall I choose instead of it something which I know to be an evil, and propose that as a penalty? Shall I propose imprisonment? And why should I pass my days in prison, the slave of the magistrates of the year? Or shall I propose a fine, with imprisonment until it is paid? There is the same objection: I should have to remain in prison, for I have no money to pay a fine with. Well, shall I propose exile? Life indeed would be very dear to me, were I so irrational as to expect that when you who are my fellow-citizens could not endure my discussions and words, and found them so burdensome and odious that you are seeking to be released from them, others will endure them cheerfully. No indeed, Athenians, that is not likely. It would be a fine life I should lead if, old man as I am, I were to withdraw from Athens, wandering from city to city, and continually expelled. For I know well that the young men will listen to me, wherever I go, as they do here: and if I drive them away, they will persuade their elders to expel me: and if I do not drive them away, their fathers and kinsmen will expel me for their sakes.

XXVIII. Perhaps some one will say, 'Cannot you retire from Athens, Socrates, and remain silent and quiet?' It is the most difficult thing in the world to explain to you why I cannot do that. If I say that I cannot hold my peace, because that would be to disobey the God, you will think that I am not in earnest, and
 38 will not believe me. And if I tell you that no better thing can happen to a man than to converse every

day about virtue, and the other matters on which you have heard me conversing, and examining myself and others, and that an unexamined life is not worth living, then you will believe me still less. But that is the truth, my friends, though it is not easy to convince you of it. And, what is more, I am not accustomed to think that I deserve any punishment. If I had been rich I would have proposed as large a fine as I could pay; that would have done me no harm: but then I am not; unless you are willing to fix the fine at a sum which I could pay. Perhaps I might be able to pay you a mina: so I propose that as a penalty. Plato here, Athenians, and Crito and Critobulus and Apollodorus bid me propose thirty minæ, with them for securities. So I propose thirty minæ. They will be good securities to you for the money. ✓

(3)

XXIX.

*No hint
here*

You have gained only a little time, Athenians, and, in return, you will have an evil name from all who wish to revile the city, and they will cast in your teeth that you killed Socrates, a wise man. For they will certainly call me wise, whether I am or not, when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your wishes would have been accomplished in the course of nature: for you see my age, how I am far advanced in life and near to death. I am speaking not to all of you, only to those who sentenced me to death. And now I am speaking to them still. Perhaps, my friends, you think that I have been defeated from a deficiency of words, and that I could have persuaded you if I had

thought it right to do or to say anything to escape punishment. It is far otherwise. I have been defeated by a deficiency, not of words, but of overboldness and effrontery, and the will to plead before you as you would have liked best to hear me plead, with weeping and wailing, and many other words and deeds, which you have been accustomed to hear from other men, and which I say are unworthy of me. But in my speech I thought that I ought not to do anything unmanly because of the danger I ran, and I do not repent now of my defence. I would much rather choose to make a defence like mine and die, than to make one of the other sort and live. Neither in a law-suit nor in war may I or any other
39 man go all lengths to procure escape from death. In battle a man often sees that he may at least escape death if he will throw away his arms and beseech the pursuer to spare his life. And there are many other ways of escaping death in every danger, if a man will dare to say and to do anything. But, Athenians, it is not a hard thing to escape death: it is much harder to escape wickedness, for that is swifter than death. And now I, who am old and slow, have been overtaken by the slower pursuer: and my accusers who are clever and swift, have been overtaken by the swifter pursuer, which is wickedness. And now I shall go away sentenced by you to death: and they sentenced by truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and wrong. I abide by this award, and so do they. Perhaps it was right for these things to be so: and I think that they are fairly measured.

And now I wish to prophesy to you, Athenians XXX.
who have condemned me. For I am going to die,
and that is the time when men have most prophetic
power. I tell you, you who have put me to death,
that straightway when I am dead a far heavier
punishment than you have sentenced me to, will come
upon you. You have done this thing thinking that
you will be relieved from giving an account of your
lives. But I say you will find the result far otherwise.
There will be more men who will call you to ac-
count, whom I held back and you did not know of
them. And they will be harsher to you, for they
are younger; and you will be more angry with them.
For if you think that you will stop men from re-
proaching you for not living well by putting them
to death you are much mistaken. That escape is
hardly possible, and it is not a good one. It is
much better and much easier not to restrain others,
but to make yourselves as perfect as you can. This
is the prophecy with which I depart from you who
have condemned me. !!

With you who have acquitted me I should like to XXXI.
converse touching this thing which has come to pass
while the magistrates are busy, and before I come
to the place where I have to die. So, my friends,
abide with me till then: why should we not converse 40
with each other while we may? A wonderful thing has
happened to me, judges—for you I am right in calling
judges. The prophetic sign which I am wont to
receive from the divine voice has been constantly with
me all through my life till now, opposing me even in
quite small matters if I were not going to act rightly. /

And now you yourselves see what has happened to me, and it might be thought, and is actually reckoned, the supreme evil. But the sign of the God did not withstand me when I was leaving my house in the morning, nor when I was coming up hither to the Court, nor ever in my speech when I was going to say anything; though at other times it has often stopped me in the very act of speaking. But now, in this matter, it has never once withstood me either in my words or my actions. I will tell you what I believe to be the reason of this. This thing that has happened to me must be a good: and those of us who think that death is an evil must certainly be wrong. I have strong proof of this: for my accustomed sign would certainly have opposed me if I had not been going to fare well.

XXXII. And let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that we may well hope that death is a good. For it is one of two things: either the dead man, as it were, ceases to be and loses all power of sensation; or, according to the common belief, it is a change and a migration of the soul unto another place. And if death is the absence of all sensation, and like the sleep of one whose slumbers are unbroken by any dreams, it will be a wonderful gain. For if a man had to select that night in which he slept so sound that he saw no dreams, and to compare with it all the other nights and days of his life, and then had to say how many days and nights in his life he had spent better and more pleasantly than this night, I think that a private person, nay even the Great King himself, would find them easy to count, compared with

the others. If that is the nature of death I for one count it a gain. For then we see that eternity is nothing more than a single night. But if death is a journey to another place, and the common belief, that there are all who have died, be true, what good could be greater than this, judges? Would a journey be not worth making at the end of which, in Hades, we should be free from the self-styled judges who are here, and should find the true judges who are said to sit in judgement below, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus? Or how much would you give to converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? I am willing to die many times if this be true. And for my own part, I should have a wonderful interest in meeting there Palamedes and Ajax the son of Telemon, and the other men of old who have died through an unjust judgement, and in comparing my experience with theirs. That I think would be no small pleasure. And, above all, I could spend my time in examining those who are there, as I examine men here, and in finding out which of them is wise, and which of them thinks himself wise when he is not. What would we give, judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great expedition against Troy or Odysseus or Sisyphus or countless other men and women whom we could name? It would be an infinite happiness to converse with them, and to live with them, and to examine them. Assuredly, I think, there they do not put men to death for doing that. For besides the other ways in which they are happier than we are, they are immortal there, at least

XXXIII. And you too, judges, must be of a good courage to meet death, and hold this thing as a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. His fortunes are not neglected by the gods, and what has come to me now has not come by chance. I am persuaded that it was better for me to die now, and be released from trouble: and it was therefore that the sign never turned me back. And so I am hardly angry with my accusers or with those who condemned me. Yet it was not with this mind that they accused me and condemned me, but thinking to do me an injury. So far I may find fault with them.

Yet I have a request to make to them. When my sons grow up, visit them with punishment, my friends, and vex them just as I vexed you, if they seem to you to care for riches, or for any other thing, before virtue: and if they think that they are something when they are nothing at all, reproach them, as I reproached you, for not caring for what they should; and for thinking that they are something when they are worthless. And if you will do this, I myself and
42 my sons will have received justice at your hands.

But now the time is come for us to go away, for me to die, and for you to live. Whether life or death is better is known only to the God.

CRITO.

CHARACTERS OF THE DIALOGUE.

SOCRATES.

CRITO.

SCENE.—The prison of Socrates.

CRITO.

Socr. Why have you come at this hour, Crito? Is it not still early?

CHAP.
Steph.
p. 43.

Crito. It is indeed.

Socr. About what time is it?

Crito. Just day-break.

Socr. I am surprised that the jailor was willing to let you in.

Crito. He knows me now, Socrates, I come here so often; and besides, I have done him a service.

Socr. Have you been here long?

Crito. Yes; some time.

Socr. Then why did you sit down in silence? why did you not wake me at once?

Crito. Indeed, Socrates, I wish that I myself were not so sleepless and sorrowful. But I have been wondering to see how happily you sleep. And I purposely did not wake you, for I wanted you to continue as happy as possible. Often before, all through your life, I have thought you of a happy disposition; and I think so more than ever now, when I see how easily and calmly you bear this calamity.

Socr. Nay, Crito, it would be strange if I were angry at having to die at my age.

Crito. Other men as old are overtaken by like

calamities, Socrates ; but their age does not save them from being angry at their fate.

Socr. That is so : but tell me, why are you here so early ?

Crito. I am the bearer of bitter news, Socrates : not bitter, it seems, to you ; but to me and to all your friends both bitter and grievous : and to none of them, I think, more grievous than to me.

Socr. What is it ? Has the ship come from Delos, at the arrival of which I am to die ?

Crito. No, it has not actually arrived : but I think it will be here to-day, from the report which some persons bring who are come from Sunium, and who left it there. It is clear from their news that it will be here to-day ; and then, Socrates, to-morrow your life will have to end.

11. *Socr.* Well, Crito, may it end fortunately. Be it so, if so the gods will. But I think that the ship will
14 not be here to-day.

Crito. What makes you think that ?

Socr. I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the ship comes, am I not ?

Crito. That is what the authorities say.

Socr. Then I think that it will be here, not to-day, but to-morrow. I judge from a certain dream which I saw a little earlier in the night : so it seems to be fortunate that you did not wake me.

Crito. And what was this dream ?

Socr. A fair and comely woman, clad in white garments, seemed to come to me, and call me and say,—

‘The third day hence shalt thou fair Phthia reach.’¹

¹ Hom. Il. ix. 363.

Crito. What a strange dream, Socrates!

Socr. But its meaning is clear; at least to me, Crito.

Crito. Yes, too clear, it seems. But, my good Socrates, even now listen to me and save yourself. For if you die, it will be more than a single misfortune to me: not only do I lose a friend whose like I shall never find again, but people who do not know you and me well will think that I might have saved you if I had been willing to spend money, but that I neglected to do so. And what character could be more disgraceful than the character of caring for money more than for friends? For the world will not believe that we were anxious to save you, and that you yourself refused to escape. III.

Socr. But, my excellent Crito, why should we care so much about the opinion of the world? The best men, who are more worth considering, will think that these things were done just as they were done.

Crito. But you see, Socrates, that we must care about the opinion of the world too. The present circumstances themselves show that the many can do a man not the least, but almost the greatest harm, if he be falsely accused to them.

Socr. I wish that the many were able to do a man the greatest harm, Crito, for then they would be able to do him the greatest good too. That would have been well. But as it is they can do neither. They can neither make men wise nor foolish: It is a pure accident what they do.

Crito. Well, be it so. But tell me this, Socrates. IV.
Is it for me and for your other friends that you are

anxious? Are you afraid lest, if you escape, the informers should say that we stole you away, and get us into trouble, and make us lose much money, or everything that we have, and perhaps suffer some other
45 punishment besides? If this is your fear, put it aside. For of course we are bound to run this risk, and still greater risks, if necessary, to save you. So do not refuse to listen to my advice.

Socr. I am anxious about that, Crito, and about much besides.

Crito. Then have no fear on that score. For the money is not much which some persons are willing to take in order to save you and get you out of prison. And then, you know, these informers are not expensive persons, and there would be no need to spend much upon them. My means are at your service; and I think they are enough: or, if from any regard for me you do not like to use my money, there are strangers in Athens ready to use theirs; and one of them, Simmias of Thebes, has actually brought enough for this very purpose. And Cebes and many others are ready too. So, I say, do not shrink from saving yourself from these fears. And do not let what you said in the Court, that if you went into exile you would not know what to do with yourself, stand in your way; for there are many places for you to go to, where you will be welcomed. If you choose to go to Thessaly, I have friends there who will make much of you, and shelter you from any annoyance from the people of Thessaly

V. And besides, Socrates, I think that you will be doing wrong in abandoning your life, when you might

save it. You yourself are doing your best to bring about exactly what your enemies would desire, and what those who wanted to destroy you did desire. And what is more, I for one think that you are abandoning your children too : you will go away and leave them, when you might bring them up and educate them. As far as you are concerned, it will be a pure chance what happens to them. Most probably their fate will be the usual fate of children who are left orphans. But you should not beget children unless you mean to take the trouble of bringing them up and educating them. It seems to me that you are choosing the easiest way, instead of choosing the part of a good and brave man as you ought, when all your life you have been asserting that you care for virtue. For my part I feel ashamed both for you and for us who are your friends : for the whole of this affair of yours will seem to have come about through some cowardice of ours ; your appearance in court to take your trial, when you need not have appeared ; the very way in which the trial was conducted ; and then lastly this, for the crowning absurdity of the thing : it will look as if we have shirked the danger out of cowardice and fainthearted- 46
ness, for we did not save you, nor did you save yourself, when it was quite possible, if we had been good for anything at all. Mind then, Socrates, lest these things be not only evil, but also dishonourable to you and to us too. Consider then ; or rather the time has come not to consider but to resolve : and there is only one plan possible. Everything must be done this coming night. If we delay any more, it is no

longer possible. I implore you, Socrates, by all means do not refuse to listen to me.

VI. *Socr.* My dear Crito, your zeal is very precious, if it be rightly directed; otherwise its very vehemence makes it the more dangerous. We have to see then whether what you propose is to be done or not; for not now only, but always, I am a man to be convinced by nothing but the reasoning which on reflection seems best to me. I cannot cast aside my reasonings of old times because this misfortune has come to me. They do not seem to me less true than they were; I reverence and honour now just those that I did of old; and if we have no better ones to urge at present be sure that I shall not agree to your proposal, not even though the power of the multitude should inflict many more imprisonments, and deaths, and fines, upon us, scaring us like children with hobgoblins. How then shall we most fitly examine the question? Shall we begin by returning to what you say about the opinions of men, and seeing if we used to be right in holding that we ought to attend to some opinions, and not to others? Were we right in holding that belief before I was condemned to death, and is it clear now that we were talking at random merely for the sake of argument, and that it was really only play and nonsense? I want to consider that with your help, Crito, and to see if our reasoning will appear to me at all changed, now that I am in this position, or if it remains true; and if we are to set it aside, or yield to it. Those who claimed to be worth listening to used always to say, I think, just what I said just now, that we ought to esteem the opinions of some men highly.

and not the opinions of others. Please tell me, Crito, do you not think that they used to say well? For you, humanly speaking, will not have to die to-morrow, 47 and your judgement will not be biassed by that circumstance. Consider then: do you not think it well said that we should not esteem all the opinions of men but only some, nor the opinions of all men, but only of some? What think you? Is not this well said?

Crito. It is.

Socr. And we should esteem the good opinions, and not the worthless ones?

Crito. Yes.

Socr. But the good opinions are those of the wise, and the worthless ones those of the foolish?

Crito. Of course.

Socr. And what used we to say of the following VII. question? Should a man who is in training, and who is in earnest about it, attend to the praise and blame and opinion of all men, or only of the one man who is a doctor or a trainer?

Crito. Of the one only.

Socr. Then he should fear the blame and welcome the praise of this one man, but not those of the many?

Crito. Clearly.

Socr. Then he must act and exercise, and eat and drink in whatever way seems good to the one man who is his master; not as seems good to every one else?

Crito. That is so.

Socr. Good. But if he disobeys this one man, and disregards his opinions and his praises, and esteems instead what the many who understand nothing of the matter say, will he not suffer for it?

Crito. Of course he will.

Socr. And what will he suffer? In what direction, and touching what part of him?

Crito. Of course in his body. That is destroyed.

Socr. You say well. And is it not the same, Crito, in other matters, not to go through them all? And, further, with regard to questions of the right and the wrong, of the base and the honourable, of the good and the bad, which we are now considering, should we follow the opinion of the many and fear that, or should we follow the opinion of the one man who has understanding in these matters, and feel shame and fear before him more than before all other men? For if we do not follow him, we shall corrupt and maim that part of us which is improved by right and destroyed by wrong. Or is this false?

Crito. Nay, I think it true, Socrates.

VIII. *Socr.* Come, then; if, by listening to the opinions of those who do not understand, we destroy that part of us which is improved by health and corrupted by disease, is life worth living to us when it is corrupted? It is the body, is it not?

Crito. Yes.

Socr. Is life worth living when the body is corrupted and in a bad state?

Crito. No, certainly not.

Socr. Then is life worth living when that part of us which is maimed by wrong and benefited by right is corrupted? Or do we consider that part of us, whatever it is, which has to do with right and wrong to be
48 of less consequence than our body?

Crito. No, certainly not.

Socr. But more valuable?

Crito. Yes, much more so.

Socr. Then, my excellent friend, we must not think so much of what the many will say of us, but rather of what the one, who has understanding about justice and injustice, and of what the Truth will say of us. And so in the first place you start with a mistake when you advise us to consider the opinion of the multitude concerning the right and the honourable and the good and their opposites. But then, some one will say, the multitude can put us to death?

Crito. Yes, that is evident. That will be said, Socrates.

Socr. True. But, my excellent friend, it appears to me that we have now reached just the same conclusion as before. Now consider this: do we still abide by the view, that we should think most, not of living, but of living well?

Crito. Yes, we do.

Socr. And living well and honourably and rightly mean the same thing: do we abide by that or not?

Crito. We do.

Socr. Then, starting from these positions on which IX. we are agreed, we have to consider whether it is right or not right for me to try to escape from prison, against the will of the Athenians. If we find it right we will try: if not we will let it alone. You spoke of considerations of expense, and of character, and of bringing up my children; but I am afraid, Crito, that these are the reflections of our friends the many, who lightly put men to death, and who if they

thinking. But we are guided by reason ; and reason shows us that we have nothing to consider but the question which we stated just now : namely, shall we do right in giving money and thanks to the men who are to help me to escape, and in ourselves taking our parts in the escape? or shall we in very truth be doing wrong in doing all this? And if we find that we shall be doing wrong, then we must not take any account either of death, if death be the result of remaining quietly here, or of any other suffering, but only of doing wrong.

Crito. I think that you speak well, Socrates. But what are we to do?

Socr. Let us consider that together, my good sir, and if you can dispute anything that I say, do so; and I will be convinced: otherwise, my dear friend, do not any longer go on repeating to me, that I should go away against the will of the Athenians. For I wish you very much to approve¹ my action: I do not want to act against your will. But now tell me if you agree with my first principle, and try to answer-
49 me as you think best.

Crito. Well, I will try.

X. *Socr.* Do we say that a man may never do wrong intentionally at all; or that he may do wrong in some ways, and not in others? Or, as we have often agreed, is it never either good or honourable to do wrong? Are all our former agreements thrown aside in these few days? Old men as we were did we not see, Crito, in days gone by, when we were conversing earnestly, that we were no better than children? Or is what we

¹ Reading *πείρας*.

used to say assuredly the truth? Is wrong-doing both an evil and a disgrace to the wrong-doer always, whether or no the world thinks so, and whether the consequence to us is a still heavier punishment than mine or a lighter one? Do we hold that?

Crito. We do.

Socr. Then in no way may we do wrong?

Crito. Certainly not.

Socr. Nor may we repay wrong with wrong, as the world thinks; for in no way may we do wrong.

Crito. Clearly not.

Socr. Well then, Crito, may we do evil?

Crito. Certainly, I suppose not, Socrates.

Socr. And is it right to repay evil with evil, as the world says, or wrong?

Crito. Certainly it is not right.

Socr. For there is no difference, is there, between doing evil to a man and injuring him?

Crito. True.

Socr. Then we may not repay wrong with wrong, nor do harm to any man, no matter what we may have suffered from him. And in granting this, Crito, be careful that you do not grant more than you mean. For I know that only a few men hold or ever will hold this opinion. Those therefore who hold it, and those who do not, have no common ground of argument; each party can only despise the other when they see what the other's belief is. Do you therefore consider very carefully whether you agree with me and accept my first principle that it is never right either to do wrong, or to repay wrong with wrong, or to avenge ourselves on any man who harms us.

Or do you disagree with me and dissent from my principle? For I have believed in it for a long time, and I believe in it still. But if you differ in any way, explain to me how. If you abide by what we used to say listen to my next point.

Crito. Yes, I abide by it, and I agree with you. Go on.

Socr. Well then, my next point, or rather my next question, is this: Ought a man to perform his agreements when they are just, or may he shuffle out of them?

Crito. He ought to perform them.

XI. *Socr.* Then what follows from that? If we go
50 away without the city's consent, are we doing harm, and that to those who should least be harmed by us, or not? Are we abiding by our just agreements or not?

Crito. I cannot answer your question, Socrates. I do not understand it.

Socr. Consider it in this way. Suppose the laws and the state were to come and appear to us when we were preparing to run away (if that be the right word to use), and were to say, 'Tell us, Socrates, what have you in your mind to do? Do you not mean to destroy us, the laws, and the whole city, so far as in you lies, by this attempt of yours? Do you think that a state can exist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power and are disregarded and set at nought by private individuals?' How shall we answer questions like that, Crito? Much might be said, especially by a rhetorician, on behalf of the law which makes the decisions of a court of justice supreme. Shall we reply, 'But the

state has wronged us: it did not decide our cause justly.' Shall we say that?

Crito. Certainly we will, Socrates.

Socr. And suppose the laws were to reply, 'Was XII. your agreement with us to abide by the judgements of the state?' And if we were to wonder at their words, perhaps they would say, 'Socrates, wonder not at our words, but answer us. You yourself are wont to ask questions and answer them, so tell us, what complaint have you against us and the city, that you are trying to destroy us? Are we not, first, your parents? Through us your father took your mother and begat you. Have you any fault to find with those of us that are the laws of marriage?' 'I have none,' I should reply. 'Or with those of us that regulate the nurture and education of the child, which you, like others, received? Did not they do well in bidding your father educate you in music and gymnastic?' 'They did,' I should say. 'Well then, since you were born and nurtured and educated by us, how, in the first place, can you deny that you are our child and our slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this be so, do you think that your rights are on a level with ours? Do you think that you have a right to retaliate upon us if we should do anything to you. You had not the same rights that your father had, or that your master would have had, had you been a slave. If they ill-treated you you might not retaliate: if they reviled you you might not answer them: if they struck you you might not strike them 51 in return: you might not repay them evil with evil. And do you think that you may retaliate on your

country and its laws? If we try to destroy you, because we think it right, will you do all you can to destroy us, the laws, and your country, and say that you are doing right, you, who in very truth think so much of virtue? Or are you so wise that you do not see that your country is worthier, and more august and holier, and held in higher honour both by the gods and by all men of understanding, than your father and your mother and all your other ancestors; and that you must reverence it and submit to it, and appease it when it is in anger more than your father; and that you must either obey its commands or convince it that they are wrong; and that if it orders you to submit to stripes or imprisonment, or if it send you to battle to be wounded or to die, you must submit in silence? That is how right stands. You must not give way, nor retreat, nor desert your part. In war and in the court of justice and everywhere you must do whatever your city and your country bid you, or convince them that their commands are unjust. But it is against the law of God to use violence to your father or your mother; and much less may you use violence to your country.' What shall we answer to this, Crito? That the laws speak truly, or not?

Crito. I think that they do.

XIII. *Socr.* 'Then consider Socrates,' perhaps the laws would say, 'if we speak truly when we say that in attempting to escape you are attempting to wrong us. We brought you into the world, we nurtured you, we educated you, we gave you and every other citizen a share of all the good things we could. Yet we proclaim that if any man of the Athenians is discon-

tented with us, he may take his goods and go away whithersoever he pleases : we give that power to any man who chooses to use it, so soon as he has the rights of manhood and sees us, the laws, and how the state is administered. No one of us stands in any man's way or forbids him to take his goods and go wherever he likes, whether to an Athenian colony, or to any foreign country, if he be discontented with us and with the city. But whatever man of you remains here, seeing how we administer justice, and how we regulate the city in other matters, he, we say, has agreed, by the very fact of his remaining here, to do whatsoever we bid him. And, we say, he who disobeys us, does wrong in three ways : he disobeys us who are his parents, and he disobeys us who nurtured him, and he breaks the agreement which he made to obey us, without persuading us that we are not doing right. Yet we did not bid him harshly to do whatever we told him. We gave him a choice, and offered him ⁵² an alternative ; either to obey us or to convince us that we are wrong : but he does neither.

‘ These are the charges, Socrates, to which we say ^{XIV.} that you will expose yourself if you do what you intend ; and that not less, but more than other Athenians.’ And if I were to ask, ‘ And why ? ’ might they not with justice retort upon me, that I more than other Athenians have acknowledged the agreement with them. They would say, ‘ Socrates, we have a sure proof that you were pleased with us and with the city. You would not have stayed at home in it above all other Athenians, if you had not been pleased with it above them all. You never went away from it to the festi-

vals, save once to the Isthmian games, nor elsewhere except on military service; you never made other journeys like other men; you had no desire to see other cities or other laws; you were satisfied with us and our city. Thus strongly did you prefer us, and agree to be governed by us: and what is more, you begat children in this city, you found it so pleasant. And besides, at your trial you might have proposed exile, if you had wished. Then you could have done with the state's consent, what you are now trying to do without it. But then you gloried in not being discontented at having to die. You preferred, as you said, death to exile. And now what you said then does not make you feel ashamed: you do not respect us the laws, for you are trying to destroy us: and you are acting just as a miserable slave would act, trying to run away, and breaking the covenants and agreements which you made to submit to our government. First therefore answer this question. Are we right or are we wrong in saying that you have agreed not in words only, but in reality, to live under our government?' What shall we say to this, Crito? Must we not admit that it is so?

Crito. We must, Socrates.

Socr. Then they would say, 'Are you not breaking your covenants and agreements with us? And you were not led to make them by force or fraud: you had not to make up your mind in a hurry. You had seventy years in which you might have gone away, if you had not been pleased with us, or if the agreement had seemed to you unjust. But you preferred neither Lacedæmon nor Crete, which you often

say are well governed, nor any other state either of the Hellenes or the Barbarians. You went away 53 from home less than the lame and the blind and the cripple. Clearly the state, and we who are its laws, pleased you more than it pleased the other Athenians: for who would like a state without laws? Then will you not now abide by the agreement which you have made? You will, if you take our advice, Socrates: then you will not make yourself ridiculous by going away from Athens.

‘For consider: if you break your contract and err XV. in this way, what good shall you do yourself or your friends? It is tolerably certain that they will at least run the risk of exile and of being deprived of their city, or of losing all they have. For yourself, you might go to one of the neighbouring cities, for instance to Thebes or to Megara—for both of them are well governed:—but, Socrates, you will come as an enemy to those commonwealths, and all who care for their city will look askance at you and think that you are a subverter of law. So you will confirm the judges in their opinion, and make it seem that their sentence was a just one. For a man who is a subverter of law may well be thought a corrupter of the young and thoughtless. Then will you fly from well-governed states and orderly men? Will life be worth your having, if you do that? Or will you consort with such men and converse without shame—about what, Socrates? About the subjects which you speak of here? Will you tell them that virtue, and justice, and institutions, and law are the most precious things that man can have? And do you not think that that

will be an unseemly thing in Socrates? Nay, you should. But you will go away from these places; you will come to Thessaly, to the friends of Crito: for there there is most disorder and licence: and very likely they will be delighted to hear the ludicrous story of how you escaped from prison in disguise, dressed in a leather garment, or some other attire which people put on when they are running away, and with your appearance altered. But will no one say how you were not ashamed of transgressing the highest laws, because you clung so greedily to life in your old age, when you had probably only a few more years to live? Perhaps not, if you do not displease them. But if you do, you will hear much that is unworthy of you, Socrates. You will pass your life as the flatterer and the slave of all men; and what will you be doing but feasting in Thessaly? It will be as if you had made a journey to Thessaly to have dinner. And where will be all our old sayings about justice and virtue then?

54 But you wish to live for the sake of your children? You want to bring them up and educate them? What? will you take them with you to Thessaly, and bring them up and educate them there? Will you make them strangers to their country, to bestow this advantage on them too? Or perhaps you will not do that: if they stay here, will they be brought up and educated better if you are alive, though you are not with them? Yes; your friends will take care of them. Will they take care of them if you make a journey to Thessaly, and not if you make a journey to Hades? Nay, you should not think that, at least if those who call themselves your friends are good for anything.

‘No, Socrates, be advised by us who reared you to manhood. Think neither of children, nor of life, nor of any other thing before justice : for then, when you come to Hades, you will have all these things to urge in your defence to the rulers of Hades. Neither you nor any of your friends will be happier, or juster, or holier in this life, nor will you be happier when you come to the other world, if you do as Crito says. Now you will go away with wrong done you, not by us, the laws, but by men. But if you thus shamefully repay wrong with wrong, and harm with harm, and break your agreements and covenants with us, and do evil to those to whom you should least do evil, yourself and your friends and your country and us, and so escape, then we shall be angry with you in your life, and when you die our brethren, the laws in Hades, will not receive you kindly ; for they will know that on earth you did all you could to destroy us. Listen then to our advice rather than to Crito’s.’ XVI.

Know well, my dear friend Crito, that I seem to hear these words, as the Corybants¹ in their frenzy seem to hear the music of flutes : and the sound of them is loud in my ears, and drowns all other words. And if you oppose this reasoning, you will speak in vain while I hold my present belief ; nevertheless, if you think that you will gain anything, say on. XVII.

Crito. I have no more to say, Socrates.

Socr. Then let me be, Crito : and let us follow the guidance of God whithersoever he leads us.

¹ Priests of Cybele.

P H Æ D O.

CHARACTERS OF THE DIALOGUE.

SOCRATES.

PHÆDO.

ECHECRATES.

CEBES.

SIMMIAS.

APOLLODORUS.

CRITO.

THE SERVANT OF THE ELEVEN.

SCENE.—First Phlius, then the prison of Socrates.

P H Æ D O.

Echecrates. Were you with Socrates yourself, Phædo, CHAP. I
on that day when he drank the poison in the prison, Steph.
or did you hear the story from some one else? p. 58.

Phædo. I was there myself, Echecrates.

Ech. Then what was it that the great man said before his death, and how did he die? I should be so glad if you would tell me. Scarcely any Phliasian goes much to Athens now; and no stranger has come from there for a long time, who could give us any clear news about these things, further than that he drank the poison and died. We could learn nothing further.

Phædo. Then have you not heard about the trial either, how that went?

Ech. Yes, we were told of that: and we were rather surprised to find that he did not die till so long after the trial. Why was that, Phædo?

Phædo. It was an accident, Echecrates. The stern of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos happened to have been crowned on the day before the trial.

Ech. And what is this ship?

Phædo. It is the ship, as the Athenians say, in

which Theseus took the seven youths and the seven maidens to Crete, and saved them from death, and himself was saved. The Athenians made a vow then to Apollo, the story goes, to send a sacred mission to Delos every year if they should be saved; and from that time to this they have always sent it to the god, every year. They have a law to keep the city pure as soon as the mission begins and not to execute any sentence of death until the ship returns from Delos; and sometimes, when it is detained by contrary winds, that is a long while. The beginning of the mission is when the priest of Apollo crowns the stern of the ship: and, as I said, this happened to have been done on the day before the trial. That was why Socrates lay so long in prison between his trial and his death.

- II. *Ech.* But tell me, Phædo, what were the circumstances of his death? What was said and done, and which of his friends were with the great man? Or would not the authorities let them be there? Did he die alone?

Phædo. Oh, no: some of them were there, indeed several.

Ech. It would be very good of you, if you are not busy, to tell us the whole story as exactly as you can.

Phædo. No: I will try and relate it; I have nothing to do. And there is no greater pleasure to me than to recall Socrates to my mind, whether by speaking of him myself, or by listening to others.

Ech. Indeed, Phædo, you will have an audience like yourself. But tell us everything that happened as accurately as you can.

Phædo. Well, I myself was strangely moved at being with him. I did not feel that I was being present at the death of a dear friend: I did not pity him, for he seemed to me happy, Echecrates, both by his bearing and his words, so fearlessly and nobly did he die. I could not help thinking that the gods would watch over him still as he went to Hades, and that when he came there it would be well with him if it ever was with any man. Therefore I had scarcely any 59 feeling of pity, as you would expect at such a mournful time. Neither did I feel the pleasure which I usually felt at our philosophical discussions; for our talk was of philosophy. A very singular feeling came over me, a strange mixture of pleasure, and of pain when I remembered that that day he would die. All of us who were there were in much the same state, laughing and crying by turns; particularly one of us, Apollodorus. I think you know the man and his way.

Ech. Of course I do.

Phædo. Well, he did not restrain himself at all, and I myself and the others were agitated too.

Ech. Who were there, Phædo?

Phædo. Of native Athenians, there was this Apollodorus, and Critobulus, and his father Crito, and Hermogenes, and Epigenes, and Æschines, and Antisthenes. Then there was Ctesippus the Pæanian, and Menexenus, and some others. Plato, I believe was ill.

Ech. Were any strangers there?

Phædo. Yes, there was Simmias of Thebes, and Cebes, and Phædonides; and Eucleides and Terpsion from Megara.

Ech. But Aristippus and Cleombrotus? were they present?

Phædo. No, they were not. They were said to be in Ægina.

Ech. Was any one else there?

Phædo. No, I think that these were all.

Ech. Well then, tell us, what did you converse about?

III. *Phædo.* I will try to relate the whole story to you from the beginning. On the previous days I and the others had always met in the morning at the court where the trial was held, which was close to the prison; and then we had gone in to Socrates. We used to wait each morning until the prison was opened, conversing: for it was not opened early. When it was opened we used to go in to Socrates, and generally spent the whole day with him. But on that morning we met earlier than usual. For the evening before we had learnt, on leaving the prison, that the ship had arrived from Delos. So we arranged to be at the usual place as early as possible. When we reached the prison the porter, who generally let us in, came out to us and bade us wait a little, and not to go in until he summoned us himself: 'for the Eleven,' he said, 'are releasing Socrates from his irons, and giving orders for his execution to-day.' In no great while he returned and told us
60 to enter. So we went in and found Socrates just released, and Xanthippe—you know her—sitting by him, holding his child in her arms. When Xanthippe saw us she wailed aloud, and said, in her woman's way, 'This is the last time, Socrates, that you will talk with your friends, or they with you.' And Socrates glanced at

Crito, and said, 'Crito, let her be taken home.' So some of Crito's servants led her away, crying and beating her breast. But Socrates sat up on the bed, and bent his leg and rubbed it with his hand, and while he was rubbing it said to us, How strange a thing is what men call pleasure! How wonderful is its relation to pain, which seems to be the opposite of it! They will not come to a man together: but if he pursues the one and gains it, he is almost forced to take the other too. It is as if they were two distinct things united at one end. And, said he, I think that if Æsop had noticed this he would have composed a fable about them, that the God wanted to reconcile them when they were quarreling, and that, when he could not do that, he joined their ends together; and that therefore whenever the one comes to a man, the other always follows. That is just the case with me. There was pain in my leg caused by the chains: and now, it seems, pleasure is come following the pain.

Cebes interrupted him and said, By Zeus, Socrates, IV. I am glad you reminded me. Several people have been enquiring about the poems which you have been writing, the hymn to Apollo, and Æsop's fables which you have put into metre, and yesterday Evenus asked me why you have been writing poetry on coming here, when you had never written a line before. So if you wish me to be able to answer him when he asks me again, tell me what to say. I know that he will ask me again.

Then tell him the truth, Cebes, he said. Say that it was from no wish to rival him or his poems.

I knew it would not be easy to do that. I was only testing the meaning of certain dreams, and acquitting my conscience about them, in case they should be bidding me make this kind of music. The fact was this. The same dream used often to come to me in my past life, appearing in different forms at different times, but always saying the same words, 61 'Socrates, work at music and compose it.' Formerly I used to think that it was encouraging me and cheering me on in what was already the work of my life, just as the spectators cheer on different runners in a race. I supposed that the dream was encouraging me to create the music at which I was working already: for I thought that philosophy was the highest music, and my life was spent in philosophy. But then, after the trial, and when the feast of the god delayed my death, I thought that the dream might possibly be bidding me create music in the popular sense, and that in that case I ought to do so, and not to disobey: it would be safer to acquit my conscience by creating poetry in obedience to the dream before I departed. So first I composed a hymn to the god whose feast it was. And then I turned such fables of Æsop as I knew and had ready to my hand into verse, taking those which came first: for I reflected that a man who means to be a poet has to use fables and not facts for his poems; and I could not invent fables myself.

v. Tell Evenus this, Cebes, and bid him farewell from me; and tell him to follow me as quickly as he can if he is wise. I it seems shall depart to-day.

And Simmias said, What strange advice to give Evenus, Socrates! I have often met him, and from what I have seen of him I think that he is hardly the man to take it, if he can help, at all.

What? he said, is not Evenus a philosopher?

Yes, I suppose so, replied Simmias.

Then Evenus will be willing to die, he said, and so will every man who is worthy to have any part in this study. But he will not lay violent hands on himself, for that, they say, is wrong. And as he spoke he put his legs off the bed on to the ground, and for the rest of the conversation remained sitting.

Then Cebes asked him, What do you mean, Socrates, by saying that it is wrong for a man to lay violent hands on himself, but that the philosopher will be willing to follow the dying man?

What, Cebes? Have you and Simmias been with Philolaus, and not heard about such matters?

Nothing very clear, Socrates.

Well, I myself only speak of them from hearsay: yet there is no reason why I should not tell you what I have heard. Indeed, as I am setting out on a journey to the other world, what could be more fitting for me than to talk about my journey, and to consider what we think to be its nature? How could we better employ the interval between this and sunset?

Then what do they mean by saying that it is VI. wrong for a man to kill himself, Socrates? It is quite true that I have heard Philolaus say, when he was living at Thebes, that it is not right; and I have

heard the same thing from others too: but I never heard anything distinct on the subject from any of them.

62 You must be of good cheer, said he, it may be that you will. But perhaps you will be surprised if I say that this law, unlike every other law, has no exception, and that death is not better than life for any one, or at any time; though in all other matters a thing is good or bad according to circumstances. Perhaps you will be surprised if I say that men for whom it were better to die may not do themselves a service, but that they must await a benefactor from without.

Oh indeed, said Cebes, laughing quietly, and speaking in his own dialect.

Indeed, said Socrates, so stated it may seem strange: yet perhaps a reason may be given for it. The reason which the secret teaching¹ gives seems to me rather profound and not easy to fathom; there it is said that man is in a kind of prison, and that he may not set himself free, nor escape from it. But I think, Cebes, that it is well said, that it is the gods who are our guardians, and that we men are one part of their property. Do you not think so?

I do, said Cebes.

Well then, said he, if one of your possessions were to kill itself, though you had not signified that you wished it to die, should you not be angry with it? Should you not punish it, if punishment were possible?

¹ The Esoteric system of the Pythagoreans.

Certainly, he said.

Then in this way perhaps it is not unreasonable to hold that a man ought not to take his own life, but that he should wait until God sends some necessity upon him, as there is now upon me.

Yes, said Cebes, that does seem natural. But you VII.
were saying just now that the philosopher will desire to die. Is not that rather a paradox, Socrates, if what we have just been saying, that God is our guardian and that we are his property, be true. It is not reasonable for the wise man to be contented to depart from this service, in which the gods, who are the best of all rulers, rule him. He will hardly think that when he becomes free he will take better care of himself than the gods take of him. A fool perhaps will think so, and say that he will do well to run away from his master: he will not consider that he ought not to run away from a good master, that he ought to remain with him as long as he can, and so in his thoughtlessness he will run away. But the wise man will surely desire to remain always with one who is better than himself. But if this be true, Socrates, the reverse of what you said just now seems to follow. The wise man should grieve to die, and the fool should rejoice.

I thought Socrates was pleased with Cebes' earnestness. He looked at us, and said, Cebes is always 83
examining arguments. He will not be convinced at once by anything that one says.

Yes, Socrates, said Simmias, but I do think that now there is something in what Cebes says. Why

who are better than themselves, and lightly leave their service? And I think Cebes is aiming his argument at you, because you are so ready to leave us, and the gods, who are good rulers, as you yourself admit.

You are right, he said. I suppose you mean that I must defend myself against your charge, as if I were in a court of justice.

That is just our meaning, said Simmias.

VIII. Well then, he replied, let me try to make a more successful defence to you than I did to the judges. I should be wrong, Cebes and Simmias, he went on, not to grieve at death, if I did not think that I am going both to other gods who are good and wise, and to men who have died, who are better than the men of this world. But know that I hope that I am going to live among good men, though I am not quite sure of that. But I am as sure as I can be in such matters that I am going to gods who are very good masters. So I am not so much grieved at death: I have good hope that something awaits the dead, and, as has been said of old, something far better for the good than for the evil.

Well, Socrates, said Simmias, do you mean to go away and keep this belief to yourself? Or will you let us share it with you? It seems to me that we too have an interest in this good. And it will also serve as your defence, if you can convince us of what you say.

I will try, he replied. But I think Crito has been wanting to speak to me. Let us first hear what he has to say.

Only, Socrates, said Crito, that the man who is going to give you the poison has been telling me to tell you to talk as little as possible. He says that talking heats people, and that the action of the poison must not be counteracted by heat. Those who excite themselves sometimes have to drink it two or three times.

Let him be, said Socrates: let him mind his own business, and be prepared to give me the poison twice, or, if need be, thrice.

I knew that would be your answer, said Crito: but the man has been bothering me.

Let him alone, he replied. But I wish now to explain to you, my judges, how it seems to me that a man who has really spent his life in philosophy has reason to be of good cheer when he is about to die, 64 and may well hope after death to gain in the other world the greatest good. I will try to show you, Simmias and Cebes, how this may be.

The world, perhaps, does not see that those who IX. rightly engage in philosophy study only dying and death. And if this be true, it would be surely strange for a man all through his life to desire only death, and then when death comes to him to be vexed at it, when it has been his study and his desire for so long.

Simmias laughed, and said: Indeed, Socrates, you make me laugh, though I am hardly in a laughing humour now. If the multitude heard that, I fancy they would think that what you say of philosophers is quite true, and my countrymen would certainly

die, and they would say that they have seen clearly enough that philosophers deserve that fate.

And they would be right, Simmias, except in saying that they have seen that. They have not seen how the true philosopher wishes to die, and what kind of death he deserves, and how he deserves it. Let us leave them alone, he said, and converse by ourselves. Do we believe death to be anything?

We do, replied Simmias.

And do we not believe it to be a separation of the soul from the body? Does not death mean that the body comes to exist by itself, separate from the soul, and that the soul exists by itself, separate from the body? What is death but that?

It is that, he said.

Now consider, my good friend, if you and I are agreed on another point which I think will help us to understand the question better. Do you think that a philosopher will care much about what are called pleasures, such as the pleasures of eating and drinking?

Certainly not, Socrates, said Simmias.

Will he about the pleasures of sexual passion?

Indeed, no.

And, do you think that he holds the remaining cares of the body in high honour? Will he think much of getting fine clothes, and sandals, and other bodily ornaments, or will he despise them, except so far as he is absolutely forced to meddle with them?

The real philosopher, I think, will despise them, he replied.

In short, you think, said he, that the philosopher

not concerned with the body? He stands aloof from it, as far as he can, and turns towards the soul?

I do.

Well then, in these matters, first, it is clear that the philosopher releases his soul from the company of the body, so far as he can, beyond all other men? 65

It is.

And do not the multitude think, Simmias, that life is not worth living for men who have no pleasure in such things, and who do not take their share of them? Do not they hold that he who thinks nothing of bodily pleasures is as good as dead?

Indeed you are right.

But what about the actual acquisition of wisdom? X. If the body is taken as a companion in the search for wisdom is it a hindrance or not? For example, do sight and hearing convey truth to men at all? Are not the very poets for ever telling us that we neither hear nor see anything with exactness? But if these senses of the body are not exact nor distinct, the others will hardly be so, for they are all less accurate than these, are they not?

Yes, I think so, certainly, he said.

Then when does the soul attain truth? he asked. We see that, as often as she seeks to investigate anything in company with the body, the body leads her astray.

True.

Is it not by reasoning, if at all, that she comes to see any absolute truth?

Yes.

senses, whether hearing, or sight, or pain, or any pleasure, harass her: when she dismisses the body, and releases herself as far as she can from all intercourse or concern with it, and so, coming to be alone with herself as much as possible, strives after absolute truth.

That is so.

And here too the soul of the philosopher very greatly despises the body, and flies from it, and seeks to be alone by herself, does she not?

Clearly.

And what do you say to the next point, Simmias? Do we say that there is such a thing as absolute justice, or not?

Indeed we do.

And absolute beauty, and absolute good?

Of course.

Have you ever seen any of them with your eyes?

Indeed, I have not, he replied.

Did you ever grasp them with any bodily sense? I am speaking of all absolutes, whether of size, or health, or strength; in a word of the essence or real being of everything. Is the real truth of things contemplated by the senses? Is it not rather the case that the man who prepares himself most carefully to think of each thing which he examines in the abstract will come nearest to the knowledge of it?

Certainly.

And will not he attain to this pure thought most completely who goes to each thing as far as he can with his mind alone, taking neither sight nor any

thought, to be an encumbrance? In every case he 66
will pursue pure and absolute being, with his pure
intellect alone. He will be freed as far as possible
from the eye, and the ear, and, in short, from the
whole body, for he knows that intercourse with the
body troubles the soul and hinders her gaining truth
and wisdom. Is it not he who will gain the truth
of real being, if any man will?

Your words are admirably true, Socrates, said
Simmias.

And, he said, must not all this cause real philo- XI.
sophers to reflect, and make them say to each other,
It seems that there is a narrow path which will lead
us and our reason to safety in our inquiry. As long
as we have this body, and an evil of that sort is
mingled with our souls, we shall never fully gain
what we desire; and that is the truth. For the
body is for ever taking up our time with the care
which it needs: and, besides, whenever diseases
attack it, they hinder us in our pursuit of real being.
It fills us with passions, and desires, and fears, and
all manner of phantoms, and much foolishness: and
so, as the saying goes, in very truth we can never
think at all for it. It alone, and its desires, cause
wars and factions and battles: for the origin of
all wars is the pursuit of wealth, and we are forced
to pursue wealth because we are slaves to the care
of the body. And therefore, for all these reasons, we
have no leisure for philosophy. And lastly, if we
ever are free from the body for a time, and then
turn to examine some matter, it falls in our way at

trouble and panic, so that we cannot see the truth for it. In truth we have learnt that if we are to have any pure knowledge we must be free from the body; the soul in herself must behold things as they are. Then, it seems, we shall gain the wisdom which we desire, and which we say we have a passion for, when we are dead, but not while we live, as the argument shows. For if it be not possible to have pure knowledge while the body is with us, one of two things must be true: either we cannot gain knowledge at all, or only after death. For then, and not till then, will the soul exist by itself separate from the body.

67 And while we live, we shall come nearest to knowledge if we have no communion or intercourse with the body beyond what is necessary, and if we are not defiled with its nature. We must live pure from it until God himself releases us. And when we are thus pure and released from the folly of the body, we shall be, I suppose, with others who are pure too, and we shall of ourselves know all that is pure; and that may be the truth. For I think that the impure is not allowed to attain to the pure. Such, Simmias, I fancy must needs be the language and the reflections of the true lovers of knowledge. Do you not agree with me?

Most assuredly I do, Socrates.

XII. And, my friend, said Socrates, if this be true I have good hope that, when I reach the place whither I am going, I shall gain fully there if anywhere that for which we have worked so hard in the past. And so I shall set forth cheerfully on the journey that I have to start upon to-day and so may every

man who thinks that his mind is prepared and purified.

That is quite true, said Simmias.

And does not the purification consist, as we have said, in the separation of the soul from the body as far as possible, and in accustoming her to collect and rally herself together from the body on every side, and to live alone with herself as far as possible both now and hereafter, released from the bondage of the body?

Yes, certainly, he said.

Is not what we call death a release and separation of the soul from the body?

Undoubtedly, he replied.

And the true philosopher, we hold, is alone in his constant desire to set his soul free? His study is the release and separation of the soul from the body, is it not?

Clearly.

Would it not be absurd, as I said at first, for a man to complain at death coming to him, when in his life he has been preparing himself to live as nearly in a state of death as he could? Would not that be absurd?

Yes, indeed.

In truth, then, Simmias, he said, the true philosopher studies to die, and to him of all men is death least terrible. Now look at the matter in this way. In everything he is the enemy of his body, and he longs to possess his soul alone. Would it not be very unreasonable, if he were to fear and complain, when he has his desire, instead of rejoicing to go

68 to the place where he hopes to gain what he has passionately longed for all his life, that is, wisdom, and to be released from the company of his enemy? Many a man has been willing enough to go to the other world when a human love, or wife or son has died, in the hope of seeing those whom he longed for, and of being with them: and will a man, who has a real passion for wisdom and a firm hope of really finding wisdom in the other world and nowhere else grieve at death and not depart rejoicing? Nay, my friend, you should not think that, if he be truly a philosopher. He will be firmly convinced that there and nowhere else will he meet with wisdom in its purity. And if this be so, will it not, I repeat, be very unreasonable for such a man to fear death?

Yes, indeed, he replied.

XIII. Does not this show clearly, he said, that any man whom you see grieving at the approach of death is after all no lover of wisdom, but a lover of his body? He is also, I think, a lover either of wealth, or of honour, or, it may be, of both.

Yes, he replied, it is as you say.

Well then, Simmias, he went on, does not what is called courage belong especially to the philosopher?

Certainly I think so, he replied.

And does not temperance, the quality which even the world calls temperance, and which means to despise and control and govern the passions—does not that belong too only to such men as most despise the body and pass their lives in philosophy?

Of necessity, he replied.

For if you will consider the courage and the tem-

perance of other men, said he, you will find them strange things.

How so, Socrates?

You know, he replied, that all other men regard death as one of the greater evils?

Indeed they do, he said.

And when the brave men of them submit to death do not they do so from a fear of still greater evils?

That is true.

Then all men but the philosopher are brave from fear and because they are afraid. Yet it is rather a strange thing for a man to be brave from fear and cowardice.

Indeed it is.

And are not the orderly men of them in exactly the same case? Are not they temperate from a kind of intemperance? We should say that this cannot be: yet in them this state of foolish temperance comes to that. They desire certain pleasures, and fear losing them; and so they abstain from other pleasures because they are mastered by these. Intemperance is defined as being under the dominion of pleasure: yet they only master certain pleasures because they are mastered by others. But that is exactly what I said just now, that, in a way, they are made temperate from intemperance.

Yes, that seems true.

My dear Simmias, I fear that to exchange pleasure for pleasure, and pain for pain, and the greater for the less, like coins, is not the true exchange of virtue. There is only one sterling coin for which

wisdom. For this and with this courage and temperance and justice are truly bought and sold; and true virtue is joined with wisdom, whether pleasures and fears and all other such things be present or absent. But I think that when pleasures and fears are severed from wisdom and exchanged with one another virtue is then only a shadow, and without any freedom or health or truth. The true virtue is a kind of purification from all these things: and temperance and justice and courage and wisdom itself are the purification. The men who established our mysteries were no trivial persons, I think: in truth they were telling us in parables long ago that whosoever comes to Hades uninitiated and profane will lie in the mire; while he that has been purified and initiated shall dwell with the gods. For 'the thyrsus-bearers are many,' as they say in the mysteries, 'but the inspired few.' And by these last, I believe, are only meant the true philosophers. And I in my life have striven hard and left nothing undone that I might become one of them. Whether or no I have striven in the right way, and whether I have succeeded or not, I shall know certainly in a little while, when I reach the other world, if God will, I think.

That is my defence, Simmias and Cebes, to show that I have good reason for not being angry or grieved at leaving you and my masters here. I believe that in the next world no less than in this I shall meet with good masters and friends, though the multitude are incredulous of it. And if in my defence I have succeeded better with you than I did with the judges of the Athenians, it is all well.

Cebes replied to him, I think that for the most part you are right, Socrates. But men are very incredulous of what you said of the soul. They fear that she will no longer exist anywhere when she has left the body, but will be destroyed and perish on the very day of death. They think that she will depart and disappear and cease to exist as soon as she is released and leaves the body, vanishing like breath or smoke. If she were to exist as a whole, released from the evils which you enumerated just now, we should have good reason to hope, Socrates, that what you say is true. But it will need no little persuasion and proof to show that the soul exists after death, and still possesses any power or wisdom. XIV. 70

True, Cebes, said Socrates; but what are we to do? Do you wish to converse about these matters and see if what I say is probable?

I for one, said Cebes, should gladly hear what is your opinion about them.

I think, said Socrates, that no one who heard me now, not even if he were a comic poet, would say that I am an idle talker about things which do not concern me. So, if you wish, let us examine this question.

Let us consider whether the souls of men exist in the next world after death. There is an ancient belief, we remember, that on leaving this world they exist there, and that they return hither and are born again from the dead. But if it be true that the living are born from the dead, our souls ~~must exist in the other world~~: otherwise they could not be born XV.

we can really prove that the living are born only from the dead. But if this cannot be shown, we shall have to find some other argument.

Just so, said Cebes.

Well, said he, if you wish to follow the reasoning more easily, consider the question not in relation to men only, but also in relation to all animals and plants, and in short to all things that are generated.

Is not everything, that has an opposite, generated only from its opposite. By opposites I mean such things as the honourable and the base, the just and the unjust, and so on in a thousand other instances.

Let us consider then whether it is necessary for everything that has an opposite to be generated only from its own opposite. For instance, when anything becomes greater, I suppose it must first have been less and then become greater?

Yes.

71 And if a thing becomes less, it must have been greater, and afterwards become less?

That is so, said he.

And further, the weaker is generated from the stronger, and the swifter from the slower?

Certainly.

And the worse is generated from the better, and the more just from the more unjust?

Of course.

Then it is sufficiently clear that all things are generated in this way, opposites from opposites?

Quite so.

And in every pair of opposites are there not two

from the one to the other, and then back again from the other to the first? Between the greater and the less are growth and diminution, and we say that the one grows and the other diminishes, do we not?

Yes, he said.

And there is division and composition, and cold and hot, and so on. In fact is it not a universal law, though we do not always express it in so many words, that opposites are generated always from one another, and that there is a process of generation from one to the other?

It is, he replied.

Well, said he, is there an opposite to life, in the same way that sleep is the opposite of being awake?

Certainly, he answered.

What is it?

Death, he replied.

2 Then if life and death are opposites, they are generated the one from the other: they are two, and between them there are two generations. Is it not so?

Of course.

Now, said Socrates, I will explain to you one of the two pairs of opposites of which I spoke just now, and its generations, and you shall explain to me the other. Sleep is the opposite of waking. From sleep is produced the state of waking: and from the state of waking is produced sleep. Their generations are, first, to fall asleep; secondly, to awake. Is that clear? he asked.

Yes, quite.

Now then, said he, do you tell me about life and death. Death is the opposite of life, is it not?

It is.

And they are generated the one from the other?

Yes.

Then what is that which is generated from the living?

The dead, he replied.

And what, he asked, from the dead?

I must admit that it is the living.

3 Then living things and living men are generated from the dead, Cebes?

Clearly, said he.

4 Then our souls exist in the other world? he said.
Apparently.

Now of these two generations the one is certain? Death I suppose is certain enough, is it not?

Yes, quite, he replied.

What then shall we do? said he. Shall we not assign an opposite generation to correspond? Or is nature imperfect here? Must we not assign some opposite generation to dying?

I think, so, certainly, he said.

And what must it be?

To come to life again.

72 And if there be such a thing as a return to life, he said, it will be a generation from the dead to the living, will it not?

It will, certainly.

Then we are agreed on this point: namely, that the living are generated from the dead no less than the dead from the living. But we agreed that if this

so, it is a sufficient proof that the souls of the dead must exist somewhere, whence they come into being again.

I think, Socrates, that that is the necessary result of our premises.

And you see, Cebes, said he, that our conclusion XVII. has not been an unfair one, as I think. If opposites did not always correspond with opposites as they are generated, moving as it were round in a circle, and there were generation in a straight line forward from one opposite only, with no turning or return to the other, then, you know, all things would come at length to have the same form and be in the same state, and would cease to be generated at all.

What do you mean? he asked.

It is not at all hard to understand my meaning, he replied. If, for example, the one opposite, to go to sleep, existed, without the corresponding opposite, to wake up, which is generated from the first, then all nature would at last make the tale of Endymion meaningless, and he would no longer be conspicuous, for everything else would be in the same state of sleep that he was in. And if all things were compounded together and never separated, Anaxagoras' Chaos would soon be realised. Just in the same way, my dear Cebes, if all things, in which there is any life, were to die, and when they were dead were to remain in that form and not come to life again, would it not be simply necessary that everything at last should be dead, and nothing alive? For if liv-

all things would be consumed by death. Is it not so?

It is indeed, I think, Socrates, said Cebes; I think that what you say is perfectly right.

Yes, Cebes, he said, I think it is certainly so. We are not misled into this conclusion. The dead do come to life again, and the living are generated from them, and the souls of the dead exist; and with the souls of the good it is well, and with the souls of the evil it is evil.

XVIII. And besides, Socrates, rejoined Cebes, if the doctrine which you are fond of stating, that our knowledge is only recollection, be true, then I suppose we must have learnt at some former time what we recollect now. And that would be impossible if our souls had not existed somewhere before they came
73 into this human form. So there is another reason for believing the soul immortal.

But, Cebes, interrupted Simmias, what are the proofs of that? Refresh my memory: I am not very clear about them at present.

One argument, answered Cebes, and the strongest of all, is that if you question men about anything in the right way they will answer you correctly of themselves. But they could not do that unless they had had within themselves knowledge and right reason. Again, show them geometrical diagrams and the like, and the proof of the doctrine is complete¹.

¹ For an example of this see Meno, 82 A, seq., where, as here, Socrates proves the doctrine of Reminiscence, and therefore the Immortality of the soul, by putting judicious questions about geometry to a slave who was quite ignorant, and with the help of diagrams obtaining from him

And if that does not convince you, Simmias, said Socrates, look at the matter in another way and see if you agree then. You have doubts, I know, how what is called knowledge can be recollection.

Nay, replied Simmias, I do not doubt. But the argument is about recollection, and I want to recollect. What Cebes undertook to explain has nearly brought your theory back to me and convinced me. But I am none the less ready to hear how you undertake to explain it.

In this way, he returned. We are agreed, I suppose, that if a man remembers anything, he must have known it at some previous time.

Certainly, he said.

And are we agreed that when knowledge comes in the following way, it is recollection? When a man has seen or heard anything, or perceived it by some other sense, and then knows not that thing only, but has also in his mind an impression of some other thing of which the knowledge is quite different, are we not right in saying that he remembers the thing of which he has an impression?

What do you mean?

I mean this. The knowledge of a man is different from the knowledge of a lyre, is it not?

Certainly.

And you know that when lovers see a lyre, or a garment, or anything that their favourites are wont to use, they have this feeling. They know the lyre, and in their mind they receive the form of the youth whose the lyre was. That is recollection. For in-

of Cebes; and there are endless examples of the same thing.

Indeed there are, said Simmias.

Is not that a kind of recollection, he said; and more especially when a man has this feeling with reference to things which time and inattention have made him forget?

Yes, certainly, he said.

Well, he went on, is it possible to recollect a man on seeing the picture of a horse, or the picture of a lyre? or to recall Simmias on seeing a picture of Cebes?

Certainly.

And it is possible to recollect Simmias himself on seeing a picture of Simmias?

74 Yes, he said.

XIX. Then in all these cases there is a recollection caused by similar objects, and also by dissimilar objects?

There is.

But when any recollection comes to a man from similar objects will he not have a further feeling, and consider whether the likeness to that which he recollects is defective in any way or no?

He will, he said.

Now see if this is true, he went on. Do we not believe in the existence of equality,—not the equality of pieces of wood, or of stones; but something beyond that,—equality in the abstract? Shall we say that there is such a thing, or not?

Yes indeed, said Simmias, most emphatically.

And do we believe in the existence of

Certainly, he replied.

Where did we get the knowledge of it? Was it not from seeing equality in the pieces of wood, and stones, and the like, which we were speaking of just now? Did we not form from them the idea of abstract equality, which is different from them? Or do you not think it different? Consider the question in this way. Do not the same pieces of wood and stones sometimes appear to us equal, and sometimes unequal?

Certainly they do.

But have absolute equals ever seemed to you unequal, or abstract equality inequality?

No, never, Socrates.

Then equal things, he said, are not the same as abstract equality?

No, clearly not, Socrates.

Yet it was from these equal things, he said, which are different from abstract equality, that you have conceived and got your knowledge of abstract equality?

That is quite true, he replied.

And that whether it is like them or unlike them?

Certainly.

But it makes no difference, he said. As long as the sight of one thing brings another thing to your mind, there must be recollection, whether or no the two things are like.

That is so.

Well now, said he, do the equal pieces of wood, and other similar equal things, which we have been speaking of, affect us at all in this way? Do they seem

Do they come short of being like abstract equality, or not?

Indeed, they come very short of it, he replied.

Are we agreed on this? A man sees something and thinks to himself, 'This thing that I see aims at being like some other thing; but it comes short, and cannot be like that other thing; it is inferior:' is it not the case that the man who thinks that, must at some previous time have known that other thing which he says that it resembles, and to which it is inferior?

He must.

Well, have we ourselves had the same sort of feeling with reference to equal things and to abstract equality?

Yes, certainly.

75 | Then we must have had ^{||} knowledge of equality before we first saw equal things, and thought that they all strive to be like equality, and all come short of it.

That is so.

And we are agreed also that we have not nor could we have obtained the idea of equality except from sight or touch or some other sense: the same is true of all the senses.

Yes, the same is true of them, Socrates, for the purposes of the argument.

Anyhow it is by the senses that we must notice that all sensible objects strive to resemble absolute equality and are inferior to it. Do we not affirm

Then before we began to see and to hear and to use the other senses, we must have received the knowledge of the nature of abstract equality; otherwise we could not have compared equal sensible objects with abstract equality, and seen that the former in all cases strive to be like the latter, though they are always inferior to it?

That is the necessary consequence of what we have said, Socrates.

Did we not see and hear and possess the other senses as soon as we were born?

Yes, certainly.

And we must have received the knowledge of abstract equality before we had these senses?

Yes.

Then, it seems, we must have received that knowledge before we were born?

It does.

Now if we received this knowledge before our birth, XX. and were born with it, we knew, both before and at the moment of our birth, not only the equal, and the greater, and the less, but also everything of the same kind, did we not? Our present reasoning does not refer only to equality. It refers just as much to absolute good, and absolute beauty, and absolute justice, and absolute holiness; in short, as I say, to everything which we mark with the name of the real in our dialectic, when we ask questions, and when we answer them. So we must have received our knowledge of all realities before we were born.

That is so.

and must always retain it throughout life, if we have never forgotten it after having received it. For to know means to receive and to retain knowledge, and not to have lost it. Do not we mean by forgetting, Simmias, the loss of knowledge?

Yes, certainly, Socrates, he said.

But, I suppose, if it be the case that we lost at birth the knowledge which we received before we were born, and then afterwards, by using our senses on the objects of sense, recovered the knowledge which we had previously possessed, then what we call learning is the recovering of our own knowledge. And are we not right in calling that recollection?

Certainly.

76 For we have found it possible to perceive a thing, by sight, or hearing, or any other sense, and thence to form a notion of some other thing like or unlike which had been forgotten, but with which this thing was associated. And therefore, I say, one of two things must be true. Either we are all born with this knowledge, and retain it all our life; or, after birth, the men whom we say are learning are only recollecting, and our knowledge is recollection.

Yes indeed, that is quite true, Socrates.

XXI. Then which do you choose, Simmias? Are we born with knowledge, or do we recollect the things of which we have received knowledge before our birth?

I cannot say at present, Socrates.

Well, have you a view on this question? Can a man who knows give an account of what he knows, or not? What do you think about that?

Yes, of course he can, Socrates.

And do you think that every one can give an account of what we were speaking of just now?

I wish I did, indeed, said Simmias : but I am very much afraid that at this time to-morrow there will no longer be any one living able adequately to do so.

Then, Simmias, he said, you do not think that all men know these things?

No, indeed.

✓ Then they recollect what they once learned?

It must be so.

And when did our souls gain this knowledge? Certainly it was not after we were born men.

No, certainly not.

Then it was before that?

✓ Yes.

Then, Simmias, our souls existed formerly, apart from our bodies, and possessed intelligence before they came into man's shape.

Unless we received this knowledge at the moment of birth, Socrates. That time still remains.

Well, my friend : and at what other time do we lose it? We agreed just now that we are not born with it : do we lose it at the same moment that we gain it? or can you suggest any other time?

I cannot, Socrates. I did not see that I was talking nonsense.

Then, Simmias, he said, is not this the truth? If XXII.
as we are for ever repeating, beauty and good and the other essences really exist, and if we refer back all the objects of sensual perception to these essences which were formerly ours, and which we find to be ours

still, and compare sensible objects with them, then, just as they exist, our souls must have existed too before ever we were born. But if they do not exist, then our reasoning will have been thrown away. Is it so? If these essences exist, does it not at once follow that our souls must have existed before ever we were born, and if they do not exist, then neither did our souls.

Admirably put, Socrates, said Simmias. I think that the necessity is the same for the one as for the
77 other. The reasoning has reached a place of safety in the common proof of the existence of our souls before we were born, and of the existence of the essence of which you spoke. Nothing is so evident to me as that beauty and good and the other ideas, which you spoke of just now, have a very real existence indeed. Your proof is quite sufficient for me.

But what of Cebes? said Socrates. I must convince Cebes too.

I think that he is satisfied, said Simmias, though he is the most sceptical of men in argument. I think that he is perfectly convinced that our souls existed before we came into being.

XXIII. But I do not think myself, Socrates, he continued, that you have proved that the soul will continue to exist when we are dead. The common fear that Cebes spoke of, that the soul may be scattered to the winds at death, and death be the end of her existence, still stands in the way. Assuming that the soul is generated and comes together from other elements, and exists before she ever enters the human body, why should she not come to an end and be destroyed

after she has entered into the body, and has been released from it?

You are right, Simmias, said Cebes. I think that only half the required proof has been given. It has been shown that our souls existed before we were born; but it must also be shown that our souls will exist after we are dead no less than they did before we were born, if the proof is to be complete.

That has been shown already, Simmias and Cebes, said Socrates, if you will combine this argument with our previous conclusion that all life is generated from death. For if the soul exists in a previous state, and if when she goes into life and is born she can only be born from death and a state of death, must she not exist after death too, since she has to be born again? So the point which you speak of has been already proved.

Still I think that you and Simmias would be XXIV. glad to discuss this question further. Like children, you are afraid lest the wind should really blow the soul away when she leaves the body, and scatter her; especially if a man happens to die in a storm and not in a calm.

Cebes laughed and said, Try and convince us as if we were afraid, Socrates; or rather not as if we were afraid ourselves. Perhaps there is a child within us who has such fears. Let us try and persuade him not to be afraid of death as if it were a bugbear.

You must charm him every day until you have charmed his fear away, said Socrates.

And where shall we find a good charmer, Socrates, 78 he asked, now that you are leaving us?

Hellas is large, Cebes, he replied, and in it there are doubtless many good men; and the nations of the Barbarians are many. You must search them all for such a charmer, sparing neither money nor labour; for there is nothing on which you could spend money more profitably. And you must search for him among yourselves too, for you will hardly find him better than among yourselves.

That shall be done, said Cebes. But let us return to the point where we left off, if you please.

Yes, I am pleased: why not?

You say well, he replied.

XXV. Well, said Socrates, must we not ask ourselves this question? What kind of thing is liable to this property of being dispersed and for what kind of thing must we fear dispersion? And then we must see whether the soul belongs to that kind or not, and be confident or afraid about our own souls accordingly.

That is true, he said.

Now is it not the compound and composite which is naturally liable to be dissolved in the same way in which it was compounded? And is not what is uncompounded alone not liable to dissolution if anything is not?

I think that that is so, said Cebes.

And what always remains in exactly the same state is most likely to be uncompounded, and what is always changing and never the same is most likely to be compounded, I suppose?

Yes, I think so.

Now let us return to what we were speaking of before in the discussion, he said. Does the essence,

which in our dialectic we explain to mean absolute existence, remain always in the same state, or does it change? Do absolute equality, absolute beauty and every other absolute existence admit of any change at all? or does absolute existence in each case, being simply uniform, remain the same and unchanging, and never in any case at all admit of any sort or kind of change?

It must remain the same and unchanging, Socrates, said Cebes.

And what of the many beautiful things, such as men and horses and garments and the like, and of all which bears the names of the ideas, whether equal or beautiful or anything else? Do they remain the same, or is it exactly the opposite with them? In short, do they never remain the same at all, either in themselves or in their relations?

These things, said Cebes, ~~never remain the same.~~ 79

You can touch them, and see them, and perceive them with the other senses, while you can grasp the unchanging only by the reasoning of the mind. These latter are invisible and not seen. Is it not so?

That is perfectly true, he said.

Let us assume then, he said, if you will, that there XXVI.
are two kinds of existence, the one visible, the other invisible.

Yes, he said.

And the invisible is unchanging, while the visible is always changing.

Yes, he said again.

Are not we men made up of body and soul?

There is nothing else, he replied.

And which of these kinds of existence should we say that the body is most like and most akin to?

The visible, he replied ; that is quite clear.

And the soul? Is that visible or invisible?

It is invisible to man, Socrates, he said.

But by visible and invisible we mean visible and invisible to man ; or do you think otherwise?

No ; that is what we mean.

Then what do we say of the soul? Is it visible, or not visible?

It is not visible.

Then is it invisible?

Yes.

Then the soul is more like the invisible, than the body ; and the body is like the visible.

That is necessarily so, Socrates.

XXVII. Have we not also said that, when the soul makes use of the body in any inquiry,—in other words when she makes use of sight or hearing or other senses,—for inquiry with the body means inquiry with the senses,—she is drawn away by it to the things which never remain the same, and wanders about blindly, and becomes confused and dizzy, like a drunkard ; for she is dealing with things that are ever changing?

Certainly.

But when she investigates any question by herself she goes away to the pure and eternal and immortal and unchangeable ; she lives ever with that, as soon as she is by herself, and has the power, for she is akin to it : she rests from her wanderings, and then is unchanging, for she is dealing with what is unchanging? And is not this state called wisdom?

Certainly, Socrates, he replied ; you speak well and truly.

Which kind of existence do our former and our present arguments make you think that the soul is more like and more akin to?

I think, Socrates, he replied, that after this inquiry the very dullest man would agree that the soul is infinitely more like the unchangeable than the changeable.

And the body?

That is like the changeable.

Consider the matter in yet another way. When XXVIII
the soul and the body are united, nature orders the 80
one to be a slave and to be ruled, and the other to
rule and be master. Tell me again, which do you
think is like the divine, and which is like the mortal?
Do you not think that by nature the divine rules and
has authority, while the mortal is ruled and a slave?

I do.

Then which is the soul like?

That is quite plain, Socrates. The soul is like the
divine, and the body is like the mortal.

Now tell me, Cebes ; is the result of all that we
have said that the soul is most like the divine, and
the immortal, and the intellectual, and the uniform,
and the indissoluble, and the unchangeable ; while
the body is most like the human, and the mortal, and
the unintellectual, and the multiform, and the dis-
soluble, and the changeable ? Can we deny that this
is so, my dear Cebes?

We can not.

Well ; is it not therefore the nature of the body XXIX.

to be dissolved quickly, and of the soul to be wholly or very nearly indissoluble¹?

Certainly.

You observe, he said, that after a man is dead, the visible part of him, his body, which lies in the visible world, and which we call the corpse, which is liable to dissolution and destruction, is not dissolved and destroyed at once? It remains as it was for a considerable time, and even for a long time, if a man dies with his body in good condition and in the vigour of life. And when the body falls in and is embalmed, like the mummies of Egypt, it remains for an immense time nearly entire. And should it decay, yet some parts of it, such as the bones and muscles are, we may say, immortal. Is it not so?

Yes.

And shall we believe that the soul, which is invisible, and which goes hence to a place that is like herself, glorious and pure and invisible, to the real Hades to be with the good and wise God, whither my soul too has soon to go, if it be the will of God;—shall we believe that the soul, glorious and pure and invisible as she is, is blown away by the winds and perishes as soon as she leaves the body, as the world believes? Nay, dear Cebes and Simmias, it is not so. I will tell you what happens to a soul which is pure at her departure, and draws along with her nothing that is bodily, having in her life had no willing intercourse

¹ Compare Bishop Butler's Analogy, Pt. i. ch. 1, where the same argument is used: the soul being indiscerptible is immortal. The argument based on the 'divine' nature of the soul is, of course, also a modern one. See Mr. Tennyson, In Memoriam LVI. Pascal, Pensées,

with the body, and having shunned it, and gathered herself into herself; for to shun the body and be by herself has been her constant study,—and that only means that she has been a lover of true wisdom, and has verily practised to be ready to die. Is not 81
philosophy the practice of death?

Yes, certainly.

Does not the soul, I say, which is in that state, go away to the invisible that is like herself, to the divine and the immortal and the wise, where she is released from error and folly and fear and fierce passions, and all other human ills, and is happy, and for the rest of time in very truth lives with the gods, as they say of the initiated? Shall we affirm this, Cebes?

Yes, certainly, said Cebes.

But suppose that the soul be defiled and impure XXX.
when she leaves the body, from being ever with it, and serving it and loving it, and from being besotted by it and by desire and pleasure so that she thinks nothing true, but what is bodily and can be touched and seen and eaten and drunk and used for men's lusts; suppose that she has learnt to hate and tremble at and fly from what is dark and invisible to the eye, and intellectual and apprehended by philosophy;—do you think that a soul in that state will be pure and without alloy when she departs?

No, indeed, he replied.

She is seized on, I suppose, by the corporeal, which the unceasing intercourse and company and care of the body has made a part of her nature.

Yes, that is so.

And the corporeal must be burdensome, and heavy,

and earthy, and visible, my dear friend ; and it is by this that such a soul is weighed down and dragged back to the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of Hades, haunting the graves and tombs, where, they say, shadowy forms of souls have been seen, the phantoms of souls which clung to the visible and were impure at their release, and therefore are seen ¹.

That is likely enough, Socrates.

That is likely, certainly, Cebes : and these are not the souls of the good, but of the evil, which are compelled to wander in such places as a punishment for the evil life that they have lived ; and their wanderings continue until from the desire for the corporeal that clings to them, they are again imprisoned in a body.

XXXI. And, he continued, they are imprisoned, probably, in the same natures as had been theirs in their lifetime.

What do you mean, Socrates ?

I mean that men who have practised gluttony and wantonness and drunkenness, without trying to avoid
82 them, probably enter the bodies of asses, and suchlike beasts. Do you not think so ?

Certainly that is very likely.

And those that have chosen injustice and tyrannies and robbery, the bodies of wolves and hawks and kites. Where else should we say that such souls went ?

No doubt, said Cebes, they go into such animals.

In short, it is quite plain, he said, whither each soul goes ; each enters an animal with habits like its own.

Certainly, he replied, that is so.

And of these, he said, the happiest, who go to the best place, are those who have practised the public

¹ Professor Jowett compares Milton, *Comus*, 463 foll.

and social virtues which are called self-restraint and justice, and which come from habit and practice, without philosophy or mind?

And why are they the happiest?

Because it is probable that they return into a mild and social nature like their own, such as that of bees, or wasps, or ants; or, it may be, into the bodies of men, and that from them are made moderate men.

Very likely.

But none but the philosopher or the lover of know- XXXII.
ledge, who is wholly pure when he goes hence, is permitted to come to the race of the gods; and therefore, my friends Simmias and Cebes, the true philosopher is temperate and refrains from all the pleasures of the body, and does not give himself up to them. It is not squandering his substance and poverty that he fears, as the multitude and the lovers of wealth do; nor again does he dread the dishonour and disgrace of evil-doing, like the lovers of office and honour. He is not temperate for these reasons.

No, that would be unseemly in him, Socrates, said Cebes.

Indeed it would, he replied: and therefore all those who have any care for their souls, and who do not spend their lives in forming and moulding their bodies, bid farewell to such persons, and do not walk in their ways, thinking that they know not whither they are going. They themselves turn and follow whithersoever philosophy leads them, for they believe that they ought not to resist philosophy, or its deliverance and purification.

How, Socrates?

XXXII.

I will tell you, he replied. The lovers of knowledge

know that when philosophy receives the soul she is fast bound in the body, and fastened to it: she is forced to contemplate real existence through the bars of her prison-house, the body, and not alone by herself; and she is wallowing in utter ignorance. And philosophy sees that the terribleness of the prison-house is that the soul is very eager to make the
83 captive¹ an accomplice in his own captivity. The lovers of knowledge I repeat know that this was the condition of their souls and they know that then philosophy takes the soul and gently encourages her, and strives to release her from her captivity, showing her that the eye and the ear and the other senses are all of them full of deceit, and persuading her to stand aloof from them and to use them only when she must, and exhorting her to rally and collect herself together, and to trust only to herself and to the absolute existence which she by herself apprehends: and to believe that nothing that is changeable and that she perceives by other faculties has any truth, for such things are visible and sensible, while what she herself sees is intellectual and invisible. The soul of the true philosopher thinks that she ought not to resist this deliverance from captivity, and therefore she refrains, so far as she can, from pleasure, and desire, and pain, and fear. She reckons that when a man has vehement pleasure or fear or pain or desire, he suffers from them not merely the evils which might be expected, such as sickness, or some loss arising from the indulgence of his desires; he suffers what is the greatest and last of evils, and does not take it into account.

¹ i.e. the whole man.

What do you mean, Socrates? asked Cebes.

I mean that when the soul of any man feels vehement pleasure or pain, she is forced at the same time to think that the object, whatever it be, of these sensations is the most distinct and truest, when it is not. Such objects are chiefly visible ones, are they not?

They are.

And is it not in this state that the soul is most completely in bondage to the body?

How so?

Because every pleasure and pain is a kind of nail, and nails and pins her to the body, and gives her a bodily nature, making her think that what the body says is true. And so, from having the same fancies and the same pleasures as the body, she is obliged, I suppose, to come to have the same ways and way of life at her departure: she must always be defiled with the body, and not be pure when she comes to Hades; and so she soon falls back into another body, and grows up, like seed that is sown. Therefore she can have no part in intercourse with the divine and pure and uniform.

That is very true, Socrates, said Cebes.

It is for these reasons then, Cebes, that the real XXXIV
lovers of knowledge are self-controlled and brave; and not for the world's reasons. Or do you think that? 84

No, certainly I don't.

No; assuredly the soul of a philosopher will not reason in the world's way. She will not think it right to give herself up once more to the bondage of pleasure and pain, when philosophy is releasing her from captivity, and to do a work as fruitless

as Penelope's, weaving instead of unweaving her web. She gains for herself peace from these things, and follows reason and ever abides in it, contemplating the true and the divine and the real, and fostered up by them. So she thinks that she should live in this life, and when she dies she believes that she will go to what is akin to and like herself, and will be released from human ills. A soul, Simmias and Cebes, that has been so nurtured, and has had those pursuits, will never fear lest she should be torn in pieces at her departure from the body and blown away by the winds and vanish and cease to exist.

XXXV.

At these words there was a long silence: Socrates himself seemed to be absorbed in his argument, as most of us were. Cebes and Simmias conversed for a little by themselves. When Socrates observed them, he said: What? Do you think that the argument wants anything? It still offers many points of doubt and attack, if it is to be examined thoroughly. I have nothing to say if you are discussing another question. But if you have any difficulty on this one, don't hesitate to mention it, and, if you think the argument has been better stated, explain your views yourselves: and, if you think you will be more successful in my company, take me along with you.

Simmias replied: Well, Socrates, I will tell you the truth. Each of us has a difficulty, and each has been pushing on the other, and urging him to ask you about it. We wanted to hear what you have to say about it; but we did not like to trouble you, fearing that it might be unpleasant to you at such a time as this.

Socrates smiled at that, and said, Dear me! Sim-

mias ; I shall find it hard to convince other people that I do not consider my fate a misfortune, when I cannot convince even you of it, and you are afraid that I am more peevish now than formerly. You seem to think me inferior to the swans in prophetic power. They always sing ; but when they find that they have to die they sing more than ever, rejoicing that they 85 are about to go away to the God whose servants they are. The fear which men have of death themselves makes them speak falsely of the swans, and they say that the swan is wailing at its death, and that it sings loud for grief. They forget that no bird sings when it is hungry or cold or in any pain, not even the nightingale and swallow and hoopoe, which, they assert, wail and sing for grief. But I believe that neither these birds nor the swan sing for grief. They have a prophetic power and foreknowledge of the good things in the next world, for I think they are Apollo's birds : and so they sing and rejoice on the day of their death, more than in all their life. And I believe that I myself am a fellow slave with the swans, and under the care of the same God, and that I have as much prophetic power from my master as they have ; and that I am not more despondent than they are at leaving this life. So, if that is all your objection, you must say and ask whatever you like, as long as the Eleven of Athens will let you.

Good, said Simmias ; I will tell you my difficulty, and Cebes will tell you why he is dissatisfied with your statement. I think, Socrates, as perhaps you do too, that to have clear knowledge about these matters in this life is impossible or very difficult. Yet I should

hold him to be a very weak man who did not test what is said of them in every way, and persevere until he was worn out with examining the question on every side. We must effect one of two things. We must be taught, or ourselves discover, the truth of these matters, or, if that be impossible, we must take the best and most irrefragable of human doctrines, and embark on that, as though it were a raft, and risk the voyage of life¹, unless it be possible to find a stronger vessel, some divine word, on which we might take our journey more surely and more securely. And now, after what you have said, I shall not be ashamed to put a question to you: and then I shall not have to blame myself hereafter for not saying now what I think. Cebes and I have been considering your argument; and I hardly think that it is sufficient.

XXXVI. I dare say you are right, my friend, said Socrates. But tell me, where is it insufficient?

To me it is, he replied, because the same argument might be used of a harmony and a lyre and its strings. It might be said that the harmony in a tuned lyre is something unseen and incorporeal
86 and perfectly beautiful and divine, while the lyre and its strings are bodies, with the nature of bodies, and compounded and earthly and akin to the mortal. Now suppose that, when the lyre is broken or cut into pieces, or the strings are broken, a man were to insist on the argument which you used, and to say that the harmony cannot have perished, that it must still exist: for it cannot possibly be that the lyre, though its strings are broken, and the strings

¹ See Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, Introduction, and Pt. ii, ch. 7.

with their mortal nature still exist while the harmony, though of the same nature as the divine and the immortal and akin to them, has perished, and perished before the mortal. He would say that the harmony itself must still exist somewhere, and that, before anything happens to it, the wood and the strings will rot away. For I think, Socrates, that you too must have reflected that we believe the soul to be most probably a mixture and harmony of the elements by which our body is as it were strung and held together, such as heat and cold, and dry and wet, and the like, when they are mixed together well and in due proportion. Now if the soul is a harmony, it is clear that, when the body is relaxed or strung tight out of proportion by disease or other evils, the soul though most divine must at once be destroyed, just as the other harmonies of sound and of all works of art are destroyed, while what remains of each body must stay as it was a long time, until it be burnt or rotted away. What shall we say to this argument, if any one lays down that the soul, being a mixture of the elements of the body, perishes first, at what is called death?

Socrates looked round at us, as he often used to do, XXXVII. and smiled. Simmias' objection is a fair one, he said. If any of you is readier than I am, why does he not answer? For Simmias looks like a formidable assailant. But before we answer him, I think we had better hear what fault Cebes has to find with my reasoning. We shall gain time so to consider our reply. And then, when we have heard them both, we must either give in to them if they seem to be in unison,

or, if not, we must proceed to argue on behalf of our reasoning. Come, Cebes, what troubles you, and makes you doubt?

I will tell you, replied Cebes. I think the argument is just where it was, and as open as ever to our former
87 objection. You have shown very cleverly, and, if you will let me say so, quite conclusively, that our souls existed before they came into the human form. I don't retract my admission on that point. But I am not convinced that they will continue to exist after we are dead. I don't agree with Simmias' objection, that the soul is not stronger and more lasting than the body: I think that it is very much superior in all those respects. 'Well then,' the argument might reply, 'do you still doubt when you see that the weaker part of a man continues to exist after his death? Do you not think that the more lasting of him must be preserved for as long?' See there if there is anything in what I say; for I think that I, like Simmias, shall best express my meaning in a figure. It seems to me that a man might use your argument to prove that an aged weaver, who was dead, had not perished, but was still alive somewhere: for he might produce the garment, which the weaver had woven for himself and used to wear, as a proof that the man was safe and had not perished, and if any one were incredulous, he might ask which lasted the longest, a human being, or a garment constantly in use and wear; and on being told that a human being is much the most durable, he might think that he had shown beyond a doubt that the man was safe, because what lasts a shorter time had not perished. But that I suppose is not so, Simmias; for

you too must examine what I say. Every one would understand that such an argument was simple nonsense. This weaver wove himself many such garments and wore them out; he outlived them all but the last, but he perished before that one. Yet that does not make a man more worthless or weaker than his cloak. I think that the relation of the soul to the body may be expressed in a similar figure. Why should not a man very reasonably say in just the same way that the soul lasts a long time, while the body is weaker and lasts a shorter time? But, he would go on, each soul wears out many bodies, especially if she live many years. For if the body be in a state of flux and decay in the man's lifetime, while the soul is ever repairing the worn-out part, it will surely follow that the soul on perishing will be clothed in her last robe, and perish before this one only. But when the soul has perished, then the body will show its weakness and soon rot away. So as yet we have no right to be confident, on the strength of this argument, that our souls continue to exist after we are dead. A man might grant his opponent even more 88) than you propose; he might admit not only that our souls existed in the period before we were ever born, but also that there is no reason why some of them should not continue to exist in the future, and often come into being and die again, after we are dead; for the soul is strong enough by nature to endure coming into being many times. He might grant that, and yet not admit that she suffers no harm in all these births, and is not at last wholly destroyed at one of the deaths; and he might say

that no man knows this death and dissolution of the body which brings destruction to the soul, for it is impossible for any man to perceive that. But if this is so, every man who is confident about death is a fool for his confidence if he cannot show that the soul is wholly indestructible and immortal. Otherwise every one who is going to die must fear that his soul will now perish utterly in her separation from the body.

XXXVIII. It made us all very uncomfortable to listen to them, as we afterwards said to each other. We had been quite convinced by the previous argument; and now they seemed to overturn our conviction, and to make us distrust all the future argument as well as the past, and to doubt if our judgment was worth anything, or even if certainty could be attained at all.

Ech. By the gods, Phædo, I can understand your feelings. It comes into my own head, while I listen to you, to ask myself, 'Then what reasoning are we to believe in future? That of Socrates was quite convincing, and now it has fallen into doubt.' For the doctrine that our soul is a harmony has always taken a wonderful hold of me, and your mentioning it reminded me that I myself had formerly held it. And now I must begin again and find some other reasoning which shall convince me that a man's soul does not die with him at his death. So tell me, I pray you, how did Socrates pursue the argument? Did he show that he felt uncomfortable, as you say that you did, or did he come to the support of his argument calmly? And did he support it satisfactorily or no? Tell me the whole story as exactly as you can.

Phædo. Often, Echecrates, I have wondered at Socrates; but I never admired him more than then. There was nothing very strange in his having an answer: what I chiefly wondered at was, first, the kindness and good-nature and respect with which he listened to the young men's argument; and, secondly, the quickness with which he perceived what we suffered from the discussion; and, lastly, how well he healed our wounds, and rallied us as if we were beaten and flying troops, and encouraged us to follow him and to examine the reasoning with him.

Ech. How?

Phædo. I will tell you. I was sitting by the bed on a stool at his right hand, and his seat was much higher than mine. He stroked my head and gathered up the hair on my neck in his hand—you know he used often to play with my hair—and said, To-morrow, Phædo, I daresay you will cut off these beautiful locks.

I suppose so, Socrates, I replied.

You will not, if you take my advice.

What should I do with them? I asked.

You and I will cut off our hair to-day, he said, if our argument be dead indeed, and we cannot bring it to life again. And I, if I were you, and the argument were to escape me, would swear an oath, like the Argives, not to wear my hair long again until I had renewed the fight and conquered the argument of Simmias and Cebes.

But Heracles himself is said not to be a match for two, I replied.

Then summon me to aid you, as your Iolaus, while there is still light.

Then I summon you, not as Heracles did Iolaus, but as Iolaus might summon Heracles.

XXXIX. It will be the same, he replied. But let us first take care to avoid an error.

What error? I asked.

That we do not become misologists, or haters of reasoning, as men become misanthropists, he replied: for to hate reasoning is the greatest evil that can happen to a man. Misanthropy comes from having an implicit and unskilful confidence in a man, and believing him to be quite true and sound and trusty, and then soon afterwards finding him to be a bad man and untrustworthy. This happens again and again; and when a man has been used so many times, particularly by those whom he would believe to be his most intimate companions, and he has been angry with many of them, he ends by hating all men, and thinking that there is no good at all in any one. Have you not observed this?

Yes, certainly, said I.

Is not that disgraceful? he said. Is it not clear that such a man attempts to deal with men without understanding human nature? Had he understood it when he dealt with men he would have known what is the case, that good men and bad men are very few, and that the majority of men are between the two.

What do you mean? I asked.

90 Just what is true of very large and very small things, he replied. What is rarer than to find a very large or a very small man, or dog, or any other thing? Or again, what is rarer than to find a man who is extremely swift or slow, or extremely base or honour-

able, or extremely black or white? Have you not observed that in all such instances the extremes are rare and few, while the average specimens are abundant and many?

Certainly I have, I replied.

And if there were a race in wickedness, he said, do you not think that we should find the winners very few?

That is likely enough, said I.

Yes, that is likely, he replied. But that is not the point in which arguments are like men: it was you who led me on to speak of that. The analogy is that, when a man, who knows nothing of the art of reasoning, believes some reasoning to be true, and then soon afterwards comes to think it false, perhaps rightly and perhaps wrongly, and this happens time after time, he ends by disbelieving in reasoning altogether. You know that persons who spend their time in disputation come at last to think themselves the wisest of men, and to imagine that they alone have discovered that there is no truth or certainty anywhere, either in facts or in arguments, and that all existence is in a state of perpetual flux, like the currents of the Euripus, and never remains still for a moment.

Yes, I replied, that is certainly true.

And, Phædo, he said, if there be a reasoning that is true and certain, and which we can understand, it would be a great pity that a man, because he had met with some of these reasonings which seem sometimes true and sometimes false, should at last gladly put the blame on the reasonings, because he is disappointed, instead of blaming himself and his own

unskilfulness, and should spend the rest of his life hating and reviling them, and lose the truth and knowledge of reality.

Indeed, I replied, that would be a great pity.

XL. First then, he said, let us be careful not to admit into our souls the notion that there may be no soundness at all in reasoning: let us rather think that we ourselves are not yet sound in mind. We must strive earnestly like men to be sound, you, my friends, for the sake of all your future life; and I, because of my
91 death. For I at present can hardly look at death like a philosopher; I am in a contentious mood, like very ignorant arguers, who, in their disputes, never give a thought to the truth in the question: what they are anxious for is to make their own positions seem true to their audience. And I think that at present I shall differ from them only in one thing. I shall not be anxious to make my words seem true to my audience, except by the way, but, as far as possible, to myself. For I argue in this way, my dear friend, and see what I gain by it. If what I say is true, it is well to be convinced of it. But if there is nothing after death, at any rate I shall pain my friends less by my wailings in the interval before my death. And this ignorance will not last for ever: that would have been an evil: it will soon perish. So prepared, Simmias and Cebes, he said, I come to the argument. And you, if you take my advice, will think not of Socrates, but rather of the truth, and will agree with me, if you think what I say true: otherwise you will oppose me with every argument you have: and be careful that my anxiety

does not make me deceive both you and myself, and that I do not go away, leaving my sting behind me. like a bee.

Let us proceed, he said. First, remind me of what XLI.
you said, if you find I have forgotten. Simmias, I think, has misgivings and fears that the soul, being of the nature of a harmony, may perish before the body, though she is more divine and nobler than the body. Cebes seemed to grant me that the soul is more enduring than the body; but he said ~~that~~^{that} no one could tell whether the soul, after wearing out many bodies many times, did not herself perish on leaving her last body, and whether death be just this, the destruction of the soul; for the destruction of the body is unceasing. Is there anything besides that, Simmias and Cebes, which we have to examine?

They both agreed that these were the questions.

Do you reject, he said, all our previous conclusions, or only some of them?

Only some of them, they answered.

Well, said he, what do you say of our conclusion that knowledge is recollection, and that therefore our souls must have existed somewhere else, before they were imprisoned in our bodies? 92

I, replied Cebes, was convinced by it at the time in a wonderful way: and now there is no doctrine to which I adhere more firmly.

And I am of that mind too, said Simmias; and I shall be very much surprised if I ever change it.

But, my Theban friend, you will have to change it, said Socrates, if this opinion of yours is to hold good, that a harmony is a composite thing, and that the

soul is a harmony composed of the elements of the body at the right tension. You will hardly allow yourself to assert that the harmony was in existence before the things from which it had to be composed? Will you do that?

Certainly not, Socrates.

But you see that that is what you assert when you say that the soul existed before she came into the form and body of man, and was composed of elements which did not yet exist? Your harmony is not like what you compare it to: the lyre and the strings and the sounds come into existence first untuned: and the harmony is composed last of all, and perishes first. How will this belief of yours accord with the other?

Not at all, replied Simmias.

And yet, said he, an argument about harmony is hardly the place for a discord.

No, it is not, said Simmias.

Well, there is a discord in this argument of yours, he said. You must choose which doctrine you will keep, that knowledge is recollection, or that the soul is a harmony.

The former, Socrates, certainly, he replied. I came to hold the latter without demonstration; it rests only on probable and plausible grounds, and so the mass of mankind believe it. I know that doctrines which ground their proofs on probabilities are impostors, and that if one is not on one's guard against them, they are very apt to mislead, both in geometry and everything else. But the doctrine about recollection and knowledge rests upon a foundation which is far more

It rests on the ground that the soul existed before she ever entered the body, because to her belongs the essence which has the name of real existence. And I am persuaded that I believe in this essence rightly and on sufficient evidence. It follows therefore, I suppose, that I cannot allow myself or any one else to say that the soul is a harmony.

Now, consider the question in another way, Simmias, XLII. said Socrates. Do you think that a harmony or any 93 other composition can exist in a state other than the state of the elements which compose it?

Certainly not.

Nor, I suppose, can it do or suffer anything beyond what they do and suffer?

He assented.

A harmony therefore cannot lead the elements of which it is composed; it must follow them?

He agreed.

And much less can it be moved, or make a sound, or do anything else, in opposition to its parts.

Much less, indeed, he replied.

Well; is not each harmony by nature a harmony according as it is adjusted?

I don't understand you, he replied.

If it is tuned more, and to a greater extent, he said, supposing that to be possible, will it not be more a harmony, and to a greater extent, while if it is tuned less and to a smaller extent, will it not be less a harmony, and to a smaller?

Certainly.

Well, is this true of the soul? Can one soul be more a soul and to a greater extent, or less a soul and

to a smaller extent, than another, even in the smallest degree?

Certainly not, he replied.

Well then, he replied, please tell me this: is not one soul said to have intelligence and virtue and to be good, while another is said to have folly and vice and to be bad? And is not that true?

Yes, certainly.

What then will those who assert that the soul is a harmony say that these things which are in our souls, the virtue and the vice, are? Another harmony and discord? Will they say that the good soul is in tune, and that, herself a harmony, she has within herself another harmony, and that the bad soul is out of tune herself, and has no other harmony within her?

I, said Simmias, cannot tell. But it is clear that they would have to say something of the kind.

But it has been conceded, he said, that one soul is never more or less a soul than another. That is, we have agreed that one harmony is never more or to a greater extent or less or to a smaller extent a harmony than another. Is it not so?

Yes, certainly.

And the harmony which is neither more nor less a harmony, is not more or less tuned. Is that so?

Yes.

And has that which is neither more nor less tuned a greater or less or an equal share of harmony?

An equal share.

Then, since one soul is never more nor less a soul than another it has not been more or less tuned either?

True.

Therefore it can have no greater share of harmony or of discord?

Certainly not.

Again; can one, therefore, have more vice or virtue than another, if vice be discord, and virtue harmony?

By no means.

No; strictly speaking, Simmias, I suppose there ⁹⁴ will be no vice in any soul if the soul is a harmony. I take it, there can never be any discord in a harmony, which is completely a harmony.

Certainly not.

Neither can a soul, if it be completely a soul, have any vice in it?

No; that follows necessarily from what has been said.

Then we find from this reasoning that all the souls of all living creatures will be equally good, for the nature of all souls is to be equally souls.

Yes, I think so, Socrates, he said.

And do you think that this is true, he asked, and that this must be the fate of our argument if the hypothesis that the soul is a harmony was correct?

No, certainly not, he replied.

Well, said he, of all the parts of men should you ^{XLIII.} not say that it was the soul, and particularly the wise soul, which rules?

I should.

Does she yield to the passions of the body, or does she oppose them? I mean this. When the body is hot and thirsty, does not the soul drag it away and prevent its drinking, and when it is hungry prevent

its eating? And do we not see the soul opposing the passions of the body in a thousand other ways?

Yes, certainly.

But we have also agreed that, if she is a harmony, she can never give a sound contrary to the tensions, and relaxations, and vibrations, and other changes of the elements of which she is composed; that she follows them, and can never lead them?

Yes, he replied, we certainly have.

Well; now do we not find the soul doing just the opposite of that, leading all the elements of which she is said to consist, and opposing them in almost everything all through life, lording it over them in every way, and chastising them sometimes severely, and with a painful discipline, such as gymnastic and medicine, and sometimes lightly; sometimes threatening and sometimes admonishing the desires and passions and fears, as though she were talking to something other than herself, as Homer makes Odysseus do in the *Odessey*, where he says that

‘He smote upon his breast, and chid his heart:

Endure, my heart, thou hast endured e’en worse.’

Do you think that when Homer wrote that, he supposed the soul to be a harmony, and capable of being led by the passions of body, and not of a nature to lead them, and be their lord, being herself far too divine a thing to be a harmony?

Certainly, Socrates, I think not.

Then, my excellent friend, we are quite wrong to say that the soul is a harmony. For then, you see, we should be contradicting both the divine poet
95 Homer and ourselves.

That is true, he replied.

Very good, said Socrates; our Theban Harmonia XLIV. has not been ungracious to us, I think. But how about Cadmus, Cebes? he said. How shall we propitiate him, and with what reasoning?

I think you will find out a way, said Cebes. At all events you have argued that the soul is not a harmony in a way which I was very far from expecting. When Simmias was stating his objection, I wondered how any one could possibly dispose of his argument: so I thought it very strange that it did not sustain the very first onset of your argument. I should not be surprised if the same fate awaited the argument of Cadmus.

My good friend, said Socrates, let us not be boastful, or some evil eye will overturn our argument. However, the God will take care of that; let us, like Homer's heroes, 'advancing boldly,' see if there is anything in what you say. The sum of what you seek is this. You require me to prove to you that the soul is indestructible and immortal; for if it be not so, you think that the confidence of a philosopher, who is confident in death, and who believes that when he is dead he will fare far better than if he had lived a different sort of life, is a foolish and idle confidence. You say that to show that the soul is strong and god-like, and that she existed before we were born men, is nothing; for that does not necessarily prove her immortality, but only that she lasts a long time, and has existed an enormous while, and knew and did many things in a previous state. Yet she is not any the more immortal for that: her very entrance into man's body

was the beginning of her destruction, like a disease. And, you say, she passes this life in misery, and at last perishes in what we call death. It makes no difference at all to the fears of each of us, you think, whether she enters the body once or many times: for every one but a fool must fear death, if he does not know and cannot prove that she is immortal. That, I think, Cebes, is what you say. I state it again and again on purpose, that nothing may escape us, and that you may add or take away anything that you wish.

Cebes replied: No, that is my meaning. I don't want to add or to take away anything at present.

XLV. Socrates paused for some time and thought. Then he said, It is not a trifling question that you ask, 96 Cebes. We must examine fully the whole subject of the cause of generation and decay. If you like I will give you my own experiences, and if you think you can make use of anything that I say, you may employ it to satisfy your misgivings.

Indeed, said Cebes, I should like to hear your experiences.

Then I will tell you, he said; so listen. When I was young I had a passionate desire for the wisdom which is called Natural Science. I thought it a splendid thing to know the causes of everything, why a thing comes into being, and why it perishes, and why it exists. I was always worrying myself with such questions as, Do living creatures take a definite form, from the decomposition of heat and cold, as some persons say? Is it the blood, or the air, or fire by which we think? Or is it none of these, but the brain which gives the

senses of hearing and sight and smell. and do memory and opinion come from these, while from memory and opinion when quiescent comes knowledge? Again, I used to examine the destruction of these things, and the changes of the heaven and the earth, until at last I concluded that I was wholly and absolutely unfitted for these studies. I will prove that to you satisfactorily. I was so completely blinded by these studies that I forgot what I had formerly seemed to myself and to others to know quite well: I unlearned even what I used to think I understood: among other things the cause of man's growth. I had thought it perfectly evident that the cause was eating and drinking; and that, when from food flesh is added to flesh, and bone to bone, and in the same way to the other parts of the body their proper elements, then by degrees the small bulk becomes great, and so the small man great. Don't you think that my belief was reasonable?

Yes, said Cebes.

Then here is another experience for you. I used to think, when I saw a tall man standing by a short one, that I was pretty clear that the tall man was, it might be, a head taller, or that one horse was bigger than another. I was even clearer that ten was more than eight by the addition of two, and that a thing two cubits long was as long again as a thing one cubit long.

And what do you think now? asked Cebes.

I think that I am very far from believing that I know the cause of any of these things. Why, when you add one to one, I am not sure either that the one to which one is added has become two, or that the one added 97

and the one to which it is added become, by the addition, two. I cannot understand how, when they are brought together, this union, or placing of one by the other, should be the cause of their becoming two, whereas, when they were separated, each of them was one, and they were not two. Nor, again, if you divide one into two, can I convince myself that this division is the cause of one becoming two: for now a thing becomes two from exactly the opposite cause. In the former case it was because two units were brought together, and the one was added to the other; while now it is because they are separated, and the one divided from the other. Nor, again, can I persuade myself that I know why one is generated; in short, this method does not show me the cause of the generation or destruction or existence of anything: I have in my own mind a confused idea of another method, but I cannot admit this one for a moment.

XLVI. But one day a man read to me from a book of Anaxagoras, as he said, that it is Mind which orders and is the cause of all things. I was delighted with this theory; it seemed right that Mind should be the cause of all things, and I thought, If this is so, then the Mind will order and arrange each thing in the best possible way. So if we wish to discover the cause of the generation or destruction or existence of each thing, we must discover how it is best for each thing to exist or to act or to be acted on. Man therefore has only to consider what is best for himself or for other things, and then it follows necessarily that he will know what is the worse; for both are included in the same science. These reflections made me very

happy: I thought I had found in Anaxagoras a teacher of the cause of existence after my own heart. I expected that he would tell me first whether the earth is flat or round, and then that he would go on to explain to me the cause and the necessity, and that he would tell me which shape is best, and that that is the actual shape. If he said that the earth was in the centre of the universe, I thought that he would explain that it was best for it to be there; and I was prepared not to require any other kind of cause, if he made this clear to me. In the same way I was 98 prepared to ask questions about the sun and the moon and the stars, about their relative speeds and revolutions and conditions; and to hear how it is best for each of them to act and be acted on as they are acted on. I never thought that, when he said that they are ordered by Mind, he would give any reason for their being as they are, except that they are best so. I thought that he would assign to each and to everything its cause, and then would go on to explain to me what was best for each thing, and what is the common good of all. I would not have sold my hopes for a great deal: I seized the book very eagerly, and read it as fast as I could, to learn the best and the worse as quickly as possible.

All my hopes were dashed to the ground, my friend, XLVII. for as I went on reading I found that the writer made no use of Mind at all, and that he assigned no causes for the order of things. His causes were air, and ether, and water, and many other strange things. I thought him just like a man who should assert that Socrates does all that he does by Mind, and then, when he tried

to give a reason for each of my actions, should say, first, that I am sitting here now because my body is composed of bones and muscles, and the bones are hard and separated by joints, while the muscles can be tightened and loosened, and, together with the flesh and the skin which holds them together, cover the bones; and therefore when the bones are raised in their sockets the relaxation and contraction of the muscles makes it possible for me now to bend my limbs, and for that reason I am sitting here with my legs bent. Again, he would explain why I am talking to you in the same way: he would assign voice, and air, and hearing, and a thousand other things as causes; but he would quite forget to mention the real cause, which is that the Athenians thought it right to condemn me, and that therefore I have thought it right and just to sit here and to submit to my sentence
99 whatever it be. For, by the dog of Egypt, I think that these muscles and bones would long ago have gone away to Megara or Bœotia, if they had been moved by their opinion of what is best, and if I had not thought it better and more honourable to submit to whatever sentence the city pronounces, rather than fly and run away. But to call these things causes is too absurd! If it were said that without bones and muscles and the other parts of my body I could not have carried out my resolves, that would be true. But to say that they are the *cause* of what I do, and that this is the way in which I act by Mind, and not from choice of what is best, would be a very loose and careless way of talking. It simply means that a man cannot distinguish the cause from that

without which the cause cannot be the cause, which the multitude, groping about in the dark, speak of as the cause, giving it a name which does not belong to it. And so one man surrounds the earth with a vortex, and makes the heavens sustain it. Another represents the earth as a flat kneading-trough, and supports it on a basis of air. But they never think of looking for a power which places these things as they are because that is best, nor do they think that it has any divine strength: they expect to find an Atlas who is stronger and more immortal and abler to hold the world together, and they never for a moment imagine that it is the binding force of good which really binds and holds things together. I would most gladly learn the nature of that kind of cause from any man; but I wholly failed either to discover it myself or to learn it from any one else. However, I had a second string to my bow, and perhaps, Cebes, you would like me to describe to you how I proceeded in my search after the cause.

I should like to hear very much indeed, he replied.

When I had given up enquiring into real existence, he XLVIII. proceeded, I thought that I must take care that I did not suffer as people do who look at the sun during an eclipse. For they are apt to lose their eyes unless they look at the sun's reflection in water or some such medium. That danger occurred to me. I was afraid that my soul might be altogether blinded if I looked at things with my eyes, and tried to grasp them with my senses. So I thought that I must have recourse to reasoning, and seek for the truth of existence by that. Perhaps my illustration is not quite accurate.

100 I should scarcely admit that he who examines existence by reasoning is dealing only with reflections any more than he who examines it as manifested in sensible objects. However I began in this way. I assumed in each case whatever principle I judged to be strongest; and then I held as true whatever seemed to agree with it, whether in the case of the cause or of anything else, and as false, whatever did not. I should like to explain my meaning more clearly: I don't think you understand me yet.

Indeed I do not very well, said Cebes.

XLIX. I mean nothing new, he said; only what I have always been repeating, both in our conversation to-day and at other times. I am going to try to explain to you the kind of cause which I have worked at, and I will go back to what we have so often spoken of, and begin with the assumption that there exists an absolute beauty, and an absolute good, and an absolute size, and the like. If you grant me this and agree that they exist, I hope to be able to show you what my cause is, and to discover that the soul is immortal.

You may assume that I grant it you, said Cebes; go on with your proof.

Then do you agree with me in what follows? he asked. It appears to me that if anything besides absolute beauty is beautiful, it is so simply because it partakes of absolute beauty, and I say the same of all phenomena. Do you assent to that kind of cause?

I do, he answered.

Well then, he said, I no longer recognise nor can I understand these other wise causes: if I am told that anything is beautiful because it has a rich colour, or

a goodly form, or the like, I dismiss all that, for it confuses me; and in a simple and plain, and perhaps a foolish way, hold to the doctrine that the thing is only made beautiful by the presence or communion, whatever it is, of absolute beauty, in whatever way or manner obtained¹, for I cannot say that I understand that; I am only sure that it is absolute beauty which makes all beautiful things beautiful. This seems to me to be the safest answer that I can give myself or others; I believe that I shall never fall if I hold to this; it is a safe answer to give myself or any one else, that absolute beauty makes beautiful things beautiful. Don't you think so?

I do.

And it is size that makes large things large, and larger things larger, and smallness that makes smaller things smaller?

Yes.

And if you were told that one man was taller than another by a head, and that the shorter man was shorter by a head, you would not accept the statement. You would protest that you say only that the greater is greater by size, and that size is the cause of its being greater; and that the less is only less by smallness, and that smallness is the cause of its being less. You would be afraid to assert that a man is greater or smaller by a head, lest you should be met by the retort, first, that the greater is greater and the smaller smaller by the same thing, and secondly, that the greater is greater by a head, which is a small thing, and that it is truly marvellous that

¹ Retaining *προσγενομένην*.

a small thing should make a man great. Should you not be afraid of that?

Yes, indeed, said Cebes, laughing.

And you would be afraid to say that ten is more than eight by two, and that two is the cause of the excess; you would say that ten was more by number, and that number is the cause of the excess? And in just the same way you would be afraid to say that a thing two cubits long was longer than a thing one cubit long by half, instead of by size, would you not?

Yes, certainly.

Again, you would be careful not to affirm that, if one is added to one, the addition is the cause of two, or, if one is divided, that the division is the cause? You would protest loudly that you know no way in which a thing can be generated, except by participation in its own proper essence; and that you can give no cause for the production of two except participation in duality; and that all things which are to be two must participate in duality, while whatever is to be one must participate in unity. You would leave these divisions and additions and all such refinements for wiser men than yourself to use as answers. You would be frightened, as the saying is, at your own shadow and unskilfulness, and would hold fast to the safety of our principle, and so give your answer. But if any one should attack the principle itself, you would not mind him or answer him until you had considered whether the consequences of it are consistent or inconsistent, and when you had to give an account of the principle itself, you would give it in the same way, by assuming some other principle which you think the

strongest of the higher ones, and so on until you reach a satisfactory resting-place. You would not mix up the first principle and its consequences in your argument, as mere disputants do, if you really wish to discover anything of existence. Such persons will very likely not spend a single word or thought upon that; for they are clever enough to be able to please themselves entirely, though their argument is a chaos. But you, I think, will do as I say, if you are a philosopher. 102

Very true, said Simmias and Cebes together.

Ech. And they were right, Phædo. I think the clearness of his reasoning, even to the dullest, is quite wonderful.

Phædo. Indeed, Echecrates, all who were there thought so too.

Ech. So do we who were not there, but who listen to your story. But tell us, how did the argument proceed?

Phædo. They had admitted that each of the Ideas L. has existence, and that Phenomena take the names of the Ideas just as they participate in the ideas. Socrates, I think, then went on to ask,—

If you say this, do you not, in saying that Simmias is taller than Socrates and shorter than Phædo, say that Simmias has both the attribute of tallness and the attribute of shortness?

I do.

But you admit, he said, that the proposition that Simmias is taller than Socrates is not exactly true, as it is stated: Simmias is not really taller because he is Simmias, but because of his height. Nor again is he taller than Socrates because Socrates is Socrates,

but because of Socrates' shortness compared with Simmias' tallness.

True.

Nor is Simmias shorter than Phædo because Phædo is Phædo, but because of Phædo's tallness compared with Simmias's shortness.

That is so.

Then in this way Simmias is called both short and tall, when he is between the two: he exceeds the shortness of one by his height, and gives the other a tallness exceeding his own shortness. I dare say you think, he said, smiling, that my language is like a legal document for precision and formality. But I think that it is as I say.

He agreed.

I say it because I want you to think as I do. It seems to me not only that absolute greatness will never be great and small at once, but also that greatness in us never admits smallness, and will not be exceeded. One of two things must happen: either the greater will give way and fly at the approach of its opposite, the less, or it will perish. It will not stand its ground and receive smallness and be other than it was, just as I stand my ground and receive smallness and remain just what I was, the same small man. But greatness cannot endure to be small, when it is great. Just in the same way again smallness in us will never become nor be great: nor will any opposite, while it remains what it was, become or be at the same time the opposite of what it was. Either
103 it goes away, or it perishes in the change.

That is exactly what I think, said Cebes.

Thereupon some one—I am not sure who—said:— LI.

But surely is not this just the reverse of what we agreed on earlier in the argument, that the greater is generated from the less, and the less from the greater, and that in this way opposites are simply generated from opposites?

Socrates inclined his head to the speaker, and listened. Well and bravely remarked, he said: but you do not observe the difference between the two propositions. What we said then was that a thing is generated from its opposite: what we say now is that the absolute opposite can never become opposite to itself, either when it is in us or in nature. We were speaking then of the things in which the opposites are, and we named them after those opposites: but now we are speaking of the opposites themselves, whose inherence gives the things their names; and they, we say, can never be generated from each other. At the same time he turned to Cebes and asked, Did his objection trouble you at all, Cebes?

No, replied Cebes; I don't feel that. But I don't say that many other things do not trouble me.

Then we are quite agreed on this point, he said. An opposite will never be opposite to itself.

Yes, entirely, he replied.

Now tell me again, he said; do you agree with me LII. in this? Are there not things which you call hot and cold?

Yes.

Are they the same as snow and fire?

No, certainly not.

Heat is different from fire, and cold from snow?

Yes.

But I suppose, as we said before, you do not think that snow can ever receive heat, and yet remain what it was, snow and hot: it must either retire or perish at the approach of heat.

Certainly.

And fire, again, must either retire or perish at the approach of cold. It will never endure to receive the cold and still remain what it was, fire and cold.

True, he said.

It is the case, then, sometimes, that not the idea itself only claims a right to its name for ever: something else too, which is not the idea, but which has the form of the idea wherever it exists, shares the name. Perhaps my meaning will be clearer by an example. The odd ought always to have the name of odd, ought it not?

Yes, certainly.

Well, my question is this. Is it the only thing with this name, or is there something else, which is not the
104 same as the odd, but which must always have this name together with its own, because its nature is such that it is never separated from the odd? There are many examples: let us take one of them, the case of the number three. Examine the number three. Do not you think that we must always call it by the name of odd, as well as by its own name, although the odd is not the same as the number three? Yet the nature of the number three, and of the number five, and of half the whole series of numbers, is such that each of them is odd, though none of them is the same as the odd. In the same way the number two, and the

number four, and the whole of the other series of numbers, are each of them always even, though they are not the same as the even. Do you agree or not?

Yes, of course, he replied.

Then see what I want to show you. It is this: not opposite ideas only appear not to admit their opposites; also things which are not opposites, but which always contain in themselves opposites, seem as if they would not admit the idea which is opposite to the idea that they contain: they either perish or retire at its approach. Shall we not say that the number three would perish or endure anything sooner than become even while it remains three?

Yes, indeed, said Cebes.

And yet, said he, the number two is not the opposite of the number three.

No, certainly not.

Then it is not only the ideas which will not endure the approach of their opposites; there are some other things besides which will not endure such an approach.

That is quite true, he said.

LIII.

Shall we determine, if we can, the nature of them? he asked.

Certainly.

Will they not be those things, Cebes, which force whatever they are in to have always not its own idea only, but the idea of some opposite as well?

What do you mean?

Only what we were saying just now. You know, I think, that whatever the idea of three is in, is

bound to be not the number three only, but an odd number as well.

Certainly.

Well, we say that the opposite idea to the form which produces this result [i.e. makes the number odd] will never reach that?

Indeed, no.

But the idea of the odd produced it?

Yes.

And the idea of the even is the opposite of the idea of the odd?

Yes.

Then the idea of the even will never come to three?

Certainly not.

So three has no part in the even?

None.

Then the number three is uneven?

Yes.

So much for the definition which I promised to give of things which are not opposites, and yet do not admit opposites; for example, the number three does not admit the even, though it is not the opposite of the even, for it always brings with it the opposite of the even; and the number two does not admit the
105 odd, nor fire cold, and so on. Do you agree with me in saying that not only does the opposite not admit the opposite, but also that whatever brings with it an opposite of anything to which it goes, never admits the opposite of that which it brings. Let me recall this to you again; there is no harm in repetition. Five will not admit the idea of the even, nor

will the double of five—ten—admit the idea of the odd. It has another opposite of its own, yet it will not admit the idea of the odd. Again, one and a half, a half, and the other numbers of that kind will not admit the idea of the whole, nor again will such numbers as a third. Do you follow and agree?

I entirely agree with you and follow you, he said.

Now begin again, and answer me, he said. And LIV. imitate me; do not answer me in the terms of my question: I mean, do not give the old safe answer which I spoke of first, for I have discovered from what we have been saying another safe answer. If you ask me, what is that which must be in the body to make it hot, I shall not give our old safe and stupid answer, and say that it is heat; I shall make a most refined answer, drawn from what we have been saying, and reply, fire. If you ask what is that which must be in a body to make it sick, I shall not say sickness, but fever: and again to the question what is that which must be in number to make it odd, I shall not reply oddness, but unity, and so on. Do you understand my meaning clearly?

Yes, quite, he said.

Then, he went on, tell me, what must be in a body to make it alive?

A soul, he replied.

And is this always so?

Of course, he said.

Then the soul always brings life to whatever she possesses?

No doubt, he answered.

And is there an opposite to life, or not?

Yes.

What?

Death.

And we have already agreed that the soul cannot ever receive the opposite of what she brings?

Yes, certainly we have, said Cebes.

LV. Well; what name did we give to that which does not admit the idea of the even?

The uneven, he replied.

And to that which does not admit justice or music?

The unjust, and the unmusical.

Good; and what do we call that which does not admit death?

The immortal, he said.

And the soul does not admit death?

No.

Then the soul is immortal?

It is.

Good, he said. Shall we say that this is proved? What do you think?

Yes, Socrates, and very sufficiently.

Well, Cebes, he said, if the odd were imperishable,
108 must not three have been imperishable?

Necessarily.

And if cold were imperishable, whenever warmth was applied to snow, the snow would have retired safe and unmelted? It would not have perished, and it would not have stayed and admitted the heat.

True, he said.

In the same way, I suppose, if warmth were im-

perishable, whenever cold attacked fire the fire would never have been extinguished or have perished. It would have gone away in safety.

Necessarily, he replied.

And must we not say the same of the immortal? he asked. If the immortal is imperishable, the soul cannot perish when death comes upon her. It follows from what we have said that she will not admit of death, or ever be in a state of death, any more than three, or the odd itself, will ever be even, or fire, or the heat itself which is in fire, cold. But, it may be said, granted that the odd does not become even at the approach of the even; why, when the odd has perished, may not the even come into its place? We could not contend in reply that it does not perish, for the uneven is not imperishable: if we had agreed that that was so, we could have easily contended that the odd and three go away at the approach of the even; and we could have urged the same contention about fire and heat and the rest, could we not?

Yes, certainly.

And now, if we are agreed that the immortal is imperishable, then the soul will be not immortal only, but imperishable too; otherwise we shall require another argument.

Nay, he said, there is no need of that, as far as this point goes; for if the immortal, which is eternal, will admit of destruction, what will not?

And all men would admit, said Socrates, that God, LVI and the essential form of life, and all else that is immortal, never perishes.

All men, indeed, he said, and, what is more, I think, all gods would admit that.

Then if the immortal is indestructible, must not the soul, if it be immortal, be imperishable?

Certainly, it must.

Then, it seems, the mortal part of man dies when death comes upon him, but his immortal part retreats before death and goes away safe and indestructible.

It seems so.

Then, Cebes, said he, beyond question the soul is
107 immortal and imperishable; and our souls will indeed exist in Hades.

I, Socrates, he replied, have no more objections to urge; your argument has quite satisfied me. If Simmias here or any one else has anything to say, he had better not be silent, for I know not to what other season he can defer the discussion, if he wants to say or to hear anything on this matter.

No, indeed, said Simmias; neither have I any further reason for doubt after what you have said. Yet I cannot help feeling some doubts still in my mind; for the subject is a very great one, and I distrust the feebleness of man.

You are right, Simmias, said Socrates, and more than that, you must re-examine our original assumptions, however sure you are of them; and when you have analysed them sufficiently, you will, I think, follow the argument, as far as a man can follow it; and if that point becomes clear to you, you will seek nothing more.

That is true, he said.

But, my friends, said he, we must think of this; if LVII.
it be true that the soul is immortal, we have to take care of her, not on account of the time only which we call life, but also on account of all time. Now we can see how terrible will be the danger of neglect. If death had been a release from all, it would have been a godsend to the wicked; for when they died they would have been released from the body and from their own wickedness, together with their souls. But now we find that the soul is immortal; and so her only refuge and salvation from evil is to become as perfect and wise as possible. For she takes nothing with her to the other world but her education and culture; and these, it is said, are of the greatest service or of the greatest injury to the dead man, at the very beginning of his journey thither. For it is said that the genius, who has had charge of each man in life, proceeds to lead him when he is dead to a certain place, where the departed have to assemble and receive judgment and then go to the world below with the guide who is appointed to conduct them from this world to the other. And when they have received their deserts there, and remained the appointed time, another guide brings them back again after many long revolutions of ages. So this journey is not as Æschylus describes it in the *Telephus*: he says that 108
'a simple way leads to Hades.' But I think that it is neither simple nor single; there would have been no need of guides then; for no one could miss a single path. But this road must have many branches and many windings, as I judge from the rites of

burial on earth¹. The orderly and wise soul follows her leader, and is not ignorant of what is about her ; but the soul which lusts after the body, flutters long about the body and the visible world, as I have said, and struggles hard and painfully, and at last is forcibly dragged away by her appointed genius. And when she comes to the place where the other souls are, if she is impure and stained with evil, and has been concerned in foul murders, or have committed any other crimes that are akin to these and the works of kindred souls, then every one shuns her and turns aside from meeting her, and will neither be her companion nor her guide, and she wanders about by herself in extreme distress until a certain time is completed, and she is borne away by force to the habitation which befits her. But the soul that has spent her life in purity and temperance has the gods for her companions and guides, and dwells in the place which befits her. There are many wonderful places in the earth ; and neither its nature nor its size is what those who are wont to speak about it imagine, as a friend has convinced me.

LVIII. What do you mean, Socrates? said Simmias. I have heard a great deal about the earth myself, but never the view which convinces you. I should like to hear that very much.

Well, Simmias, I don't think that it needs the skill of Glaucus to describe it to you, but I think that it is beyond the skill of Glaucus to prove it true : I should hardly be able to do that at all, and besides, even if

¹ i.e. the sacrifices offered to the gods of the lower world in places where three roads met.

I knew how, I think, Simmias, that my life would come to an end before the argument was finished. But there is nothing to prevent my describing to you what I believe to be the form of the earth, and its regions.

Well, said Simmias, that will do.

In the first place then, said he, I am convinced that the earth is a spherical body in the centre of the heavens, and therefore has no need of air or of any other force to support it: the equiformity of the heavens 109 in all their parts and the equipoise of the earth itself are sufficient to hold it up. A thing in equipoise placed in the centre of what is equiform cannot incline in any direction, either more or less: it will remain unchanged and in perfect balance. That, said he, is my first conviction.

And a right one, said Simmias.

Also, he proceeded, I think that the earth is of vast extent, and that we who dwell between the Phasis and the Pillars of Heracles inhabit only a small portion of it, and dwell round the sea, like ants or frogs round a marsh, and I believe that many other men dwell elsewhere in similar places. For everywhere on the earth there are many hollows of every kind of shape and size, into which the water and the mist and the air collect; but the earth itself is set pure in the purity of the heavens, wherein are the stars, and which men who speak of these things commonly call ether. The water and the mist and the air which collect into the hollows of the earth are the sediment of it. Now we dwell in these hollows without knowing it; we think that we are dwelling on the surface of the earth; it is

just as if a man who dwelt in the depths of the ocean were to think that he dwelt on the surface of it, and were to believe that the sea was the heaven, because he saw the sun and the stars through the water; for he had never reached the water's surface, he was so slow and weak, and had never come out from his depths to our world, and lifted his head from the sea, and seen, or heard from one who had seen, how much purer and fairer it was than his world. We are just in that state; we dwell in a hollow of the earth, and think that we dwell on its surface; and we call the air heaven, and think it to be the heaven wherein the stars move. But our case is the same. We cannot pass through to the surface of the air, we are so weak and slow. For if any man could reach the surface, or take wings and fly upward, he would look up and see a world beyond, just as the fishes behold our world when they look forth from the sea. And he would know that that is the real heaven and the real light
110 and the real earth, if his nature were able to endure the sight. For this earth, and its stones, and all its regions have been spoilt and corroded, as things in the sea are corroded by the brine: nothing of any worth grows in the sea, nor, in short, is there anything therein without blemish, but, wherever land does exist, only caves, and sand, and a vast quantity of mud and slime, which are not worthy even to be compared with the fair things of our world. But you would think that the things of that other world still further surpass the things of our world. I can tell you a beautiful tale, Simmias, about what is on the earth beneath the heavens, which is worth your hearing.

Indeed, Socrates, said Simmias, we should like to hear your tale very much.

Well, my friend, he said, this is my tale. In the LIX. first place, the earth itself, if a man were to look at it from above, is like one of those balls which are covered with twelve pieces of leather, and is marked with various colours, of which the colours that our painters use here may be taken as samples. But there the whole earth is covered with them, and they are far brighter and purer ones than ours. For part of it is purple of marvellous beauty, and part of it golden, and the white of it is whiter than chalk or snow. It is made up of the other colours in the same way, and also of colours more and more beautiful than any that we have seen. The very hollows in it, that are full of water and air, have themselves a kind of colour, and glisten amid the diversity of the others, so that its form appears as one unbroken and varied surface. And what grows in this fair earth—its trees and flowers and fruit—are fairer than ours in proportion: and so likewise are the hills and the stones in their smoothness and transparency and colour: the pebbles which we prize in this world, our cornelians and jaspers and emeralds and the like, are but fragments of them: for there all the stones are as our precious stones, and even more beautiful still. The reason of that is that they are pure, and not corroded or spoilt, as ours are, with the decay and brine from the sediment that collects in the hollows and brings to the stones and the earth and all animals and plants ugliness and disease. All these things, and with them gold and silver and the like, adorn the

111 real earth : and they are conspicuous from their multitude and size, and the many places where they are found, so that he who can behold it is a happy man. Many creatures live upon it; and there are men, some dwelling inland, and others round the air, as we dwell round the sea, and others in islands encircled by the air, which lie near the continent. In a word, they use the air as we use water and the sea, and the ether as we use the air. The temperature of their seasons is such that they are free from disease, and live much longer than we do; and in sight and hearing, and smell and the other senses, they are as much more perfect than we are as air is purer than water and ether than air. Moreover they have sanctuaries and temples of the gods, in which the gods dwell in very truth; they hear the voices and oracles of the gods, and see them in visions, and have intercourse with them: and they see the sun and moon and stars as they really are; and in other matters their happiness is of a piece with this.

LX. That is the nature of the earth as a whole, and of what is around the earth; and everywhere on its globe there are many regions in the hollows, some of them deeper and more open than that in which we dwell, and others also deeper, but with narrower mouths; and others again shallower and broader than ours. All these are connected by many channels beneath the earth, some narrow and others wide; and they have passages, by which much water flows from one to the other, as into basins, and never-failing rivers of both hot and cold water and of vast size beneath the earth, and much fire, and great rivers of fire, and

many of liquid mud, some clearer and others more turbid; like the rivers of mud which precede the lava stream in Sicily and the lava stream itself. These fill each hollow in turn, as each stream flows round to the hollow. All of them are moved up and down by a certain oscillation which is in the earth, and which is produced by a natural cause of the following kind :— one of the chasms in the earth is larger than all the others, and pierces right through it from side to side. 112
Homer describes it in the words—

‘Far away, where is the deepest depth beneath the earth¹.’

And elsewhere he and many other of the poets have called it Tartarus. All the rivers flow into this chasm, and out of it again; and each of them is as the soil through which it flows. The reason why they all flow into and out of this place is that the liquid has no bottom or base to rest on: it is always oscillating and surging up and down, and the air and wind around it do the same: for they accompany it in its passage to the other side of the earth and in its return; and just as in breathing the breath is always in process of being exhaled and inhaled, so there the wind oscillating with the water produces terrible and irresistible blasts as it comes in and goes out. When the water retires with a rush to what we call the lower parts of the earth, it flows through to the regions of those streams, and fills them, as if it were pumped into them. And again, when it rushes back hither from those regions it fills the streams here again, and they flow through the channels of the earth and make their way to their several places, and create

¹ Il. viii. 14.

seas, and lakes, and rivers, and springs. Then they sink once more into the earth, making, some a long circuit through many regions, and some a shorter one through fewer, and then fall again into Tartarus; some at a point much lower than that at which they rose, and others only a little lower, but all of them flowing in below their point of issue. And some of them burst forth again on the side on which they entered; others again on the opposite side; and there are some which completely encircle the earth, twining round it, like snakes, once or perhaps oftener, and then throw themselves into Tartarus as low down as they can. They can descend as far as the centre of the earth from either side but no farther. Beyond that on either side they would come to an ascent.

- I.XI. These streams are many, and great, and various; but among them all are four, of which the greatest and outermost, which flows round the whole of the earth, is called Oceanus. Opposite Oceanus, and flowing in the reverse direction, is Acheron, which runs
113 through desert places, and then under the earth into the Acherusian lake, whither the souls of the dead generally go, and after abiding there the appointed time, which for some is longer and for others shorter, are sent forth again to be born as animals. The third river rises between these two, and near its source falls into a vast and fiery region, and forms a lake larger than our sea, seething with water and mud. Thence it goes forth turbid and muddy round the earth, and after many windings comes to the end of the Acherusian lake, but mingles not with the waters of the lake; and after many windings more beneath the

earth, it falls into the lower part of Tartarus. This is the river that men name Pyriphlegethon; and portions of it are discharged in the lava streams, wherever they are found. The fourth river is on the opposite side: it falls first, they say, into a terrible and savage region, of which the colour is one dark blue. It is called the Stygian stream, and the marsh which its waters create is called Styx. After falling into the lake and getting strange powers in its waters, it sinks into the earth, and runs winding about in the opposite direction to Pyriphlegethon, which it meets in the Acherusian lake from the opposite side. Its waters too mingle with none other: it flows round in a circle and falls into Tartarus opposite to Pyriphlegethon. Its name, as the poets say, is Cocytus.

Such is the nature of these regions; and when the LXII.
dead come to the place whither each is brought by his genius, sentence is first passed on them according as their life has been good and holy, or not. Those whose lives appear to have been neither good nor bad go to the river Acheron, and embarking on the vessels they find there, proceed to the lake. There they dwell, and are purified and absolved from the crimes they have committed by undergoing punishment; and for their good deeds they are rewarded, each according to his desert. But all who appear to be incurable from the enormity of their sins—those who have committed many and great sacrileges, and foul and lawless murders, or other crimes like these—are hurled down to Tartarus by the fate which is their due, and they never come forth again. Those who have committed sins which are curable though they

are great, who have used violence towards a father or a mother in wrath, and then for the rest of their
114 lives have repented of it, or who have committed homicide in some other way, must also be thrown into Tartarus: but then when they have been there a year, a wave casts them forth, the homicides by Cocytus, and the parricides and matricides by Pyriphlegethon; and when they have been carried as far as the Acherusian lake they cry out and call on those whom they slew or outraged, and beseech and pray that they may be allowed to come out into the lake, and be received as comrades. And if they prevail, they come out, and cease from their troubles; but if not, they are borne back to Tartarus, and from thence into the rivers again, and their punishment does not cease until they have prevailed on those whom they wronged: that is the sentence pronounced on them by their judges. But such as have been pre-eminent for holiness in their lives are set free and released from the earth, as from a prison: they ascend to their pure habitation, and dwell on the earth's surface. And those of them who have sufficiently purified themselves with philosophy live thenceforth without bodies, and come to dwellings still fairer than these, which are not easily described, and of which I have not time to speak now¹.

So, Simmias, for these reasons we ought to leave nothing undone that we may obtain virtue and wisdom in this life. Noble is the prize, and great the hope.

¹ The account of the rewards and punishments of the next world given in Rep. x. 614 B foll., the story of Er the son of Armenius, is worth comparing with the preceding passage.

A man of sense will not insist that these things LXIII.
are exactly as I have described them. But I think
that he will believe that something of the kind is true
of the soul and her habitations, seeing that she is
shown to be immortal, and that it will be worth his
while to stake much on this belief. The venture is
a fair one, and he must charm his doubts with spells
like these. That is why I have been prolonging the
fable. For these reasons a man should be of good
cheer about his soul, if in his life he has let the plea-
sures and adornments of the body be, thinking that
they are not his, and that they will do him not good
but harm; and has instead earnestly pursued the
pleasures of learning, and has adorned his soul, not
in another's, but in her own adornment, which is
temperance, and justice, and courage, and freedom, 115
and truth, and so awaits his journey to the other
world, in readiness to set forth whenever fate calls
him. You, Simmias and Cebes, and the rest will set
forth at some future day, each at his own time. But
me now, as a tragic poet would say, fate calls at once;
and it is time for me to betake myself to the bath.
I think that I had better bathe before I drink the
poison, and not give the women the trouble of washing
my dead body.

When he had finished speaking Crito said, Be it LXIV.
so, Socrates. But have you any commands for your
friends or for me about your children, or other
matters? How shall we serve you best?

Simply by doing what I always bid you, Crito.
Take care of your own selves, and you will serve
me and mine and yourselves in all that you do,

even though you make no promise now. But if you are careless of your own selves, and will not walk according to the words which I have spoken to you both to-day and formerly, all your vehement professions now will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But how shall we bury you?

As you like, he answered ; only you must catch me first, and not let me escape you. And then he looked at us with a smile and said, I cannot persuade Crito that I am the Socrates who is conversing with you, and presiding over the argument. He thinks that I am the body which he will soon see a corpse, and he asks how he shall bury me. All my long argument that I shall not remain with you after I have drunk the poison, but that I shall go away to the happiness of the blessed, he looks on as idle talk meant to comfort you and myself. He was surety for me at the trial, that I should stay ; do you be my sureties to him of the contrary, that I shall go away when I am dead, and not stay with you : then my death will vex him less, and when he sees my body being burnt or buried, he will not think that I am suffering dreadful things, and be grieved : and at my burial he will not say that it is Socrates whom he is laying out, or bearing to the grave, or burying. For, my dear Crito, he continued, you must know that to use words wrongly is not only a fault in itself ; it also creates evil in the soul. You must be of good cheer, and say that you are burying my body : and you must bury it as you please, and as you think best.

LXV. With these words he rose and went into another

chamber to wash : Crito went with him and told us to wait. So we waited, talking of the argument, and discussing it, and then again thinking how great was our misfortune : it seemed to us as if we were going to lose a father, and to be orphans for the rest of our life. When he had bathed, and his children had been brought to him,—he had two sons quite little, and one grown up,—and the women of his family were come, he spoke with them in Crito's presence, and gave them his last commands ; then he sent the women and children away, and returned to us. By that time it was near the hour of sunset, for he had been a long while within. When he came from the bath he sat down, but he did not talk much after that. Then the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him and said, ' I know that I shall not find you like other men, Socrates. They are angry with me and curse me when I bid them drink the poison, because the authorities make me do it. But I have found you all along the noblest and gentlest and best man that has ever come here ; and now I am sure that you will not be angry with me, but with those whom you know to be the cause. And so farewell, and try to bear what must be as lightly as you can ; you know why I have come.' With that he turned away weeping, and went out.

Socrates looked at him, and replied, Farewell : I will do as you say. Then he turned to us and said, How courteous the man is ! And the whole time I have been here, he has constantly come in to see me, and sometimes he has talked to me, and has been the best of men ; and now, how generously he weeps for me !

Come, Crito, let us obey him: let the poison be brought if it is ready; and if it is not, let it be prepared.

Crito replied: Nay, Socrates, I think the sun is still upon the hills; it has not set. Besides, I know that others take the poison quite late, and eat and drink heartily, and sometimes enjoy the company of their chosen friends after the announcement has been made. Do not hurry; there is still time.

Socrates replied: And those you speak of, Crito, naturally do so; for they think that they will be gainers by so doing. And I naturally shall not do so; for I think that I should gain nothing by taking
117 it a little later, but my own contempt for so eagerly desiring and saving up a life which is already spent. So do not refuse to do as I ask.

IXVI. Then Crito made a sign to his slave who was standing by; and the slave went out, and after a considerable time returned with the man who was to give the poison carrying it prepared in a cup. When Socrates saw him, he asked, You understand these things, my good sir, what have I to do?

Only to drink this, he replied, and walk about until your legs feel heavy, and then lie down; and so it will act of itself. With that he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it quite gently, Echecrates, without trembling, and without any change of colour or of feature, and looked up at the man with that fixed glance of his, and asked, What say you to making a libation from this draught? May I, or not? We only prepare just so much as we think enough, Socrates, he answered. I understand, said Socrates. But I suppose

that I may, and must pray to the gods that my journey hence may be prosperous : that is my prayer ; be it so. With these words he put the cup to his lips and drank it off quite easily and cheerfully. Till then most of us had been able to restrain our tears fairly well ; but when we saw him drinking, and then the poison finished, we could do so no longer : my tears came fast in spite of myself ; I covered my face and wept for myself : it was not for him, but at my own misfortune in losing such a friend. Even before that Crito had been unable to restrain his tears and had gone away ; and Apollodorus, who had never once ceased weeping, burst into a loud cry, and made us one and all break down with his weeping and grief, except only Socrates himself. What are you doing, my good sirs ? he exclaimed. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way ; for I have heard that a man should die in silence. So calm yourselves and bear up. When we heard that we were ashamed, and we ceased from weeping. But he walked about, until he said that his legs were getting heavy, and then lay down on his back, as he was directed. And the man who gave the poison began to examine his feet and legs, from time to time : then he pressed his foot hard, and asked if there was any feeling in it ; and Socrates said, No : 118 and then his legs, and so higher and higher, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates felt himself, and said that when it came to his heart, he should be gone. He was already growing cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, which had been covered, and spoke for the last time. Crito,

I owe a cock to Asclepius; do not neglect to pay it¹. It shall be done, said Crito. Is there anything else that you wish? He made no answer to this question; but after a short interval there was a movement, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito closed his mouth and his eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest, and justest, and the best of all whom I have ever known.

¹ These words have been a puzzle to commentators. They have been supposed to be allegorical, and to mean that death was a restoration to health after the illness of life: at the moment of death, therefore, Socrates makes 'the customary offering to Asclepius in token of his recovery.' It is much simpler, and much more in harmony with the whole spirit of the dialogue to understand the words in their plain sense as referring to the omission of a trifling religious duty. Professor Jowett refers to Socrates' scruples about the meaning of the dream in 60 E. For Socrates' scrupulous piety, cp. Xen. Mem. i. 1. 2. 'He was well known to sacrifice constantly both at home, and on the public altars, and to consult the oracles,' &c.



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